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THE

WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WITH A

PREFACE,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Re-edited,

WITH NEW BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MATTER,

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

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THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

THE DAVIDEIS.

DAVIDEIS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moab carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls into discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel; how Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan—David's speech, containing the state of the commonwealth under the Judges; the motives for which the people desired a king; their Deputies' speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply—The assembling of the people at the tabernacle, to enquire God's pleasure—God's speech—The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel, and election by lot; the defection of his people—The war of Nahash king of Ammon against Jabesh-Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town—Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nahash, whom he slays, and defeats his army—The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge—The war with the Philistines at Macmas: their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgment denounced by Samuel against him—Jonathan's discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it—Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

THOUGH state and kind discourse thus robb'd the night
Of half her natural and more just delight,
Moab (whom temperance did still vigorous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to moderate sleep)

Up with the sun arose; and, having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,
And thrice tow'rds Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill
(With good and pious prayers, directed ill),
Call'd to the chace his friends, who for him stay'd;
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd.
Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,
All white as snow, and spriteful as the light,
With scarlet trapt, and foaming gold they bite.
He into it young David with him took,
Did with respect and wonder on him look
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport;
Some arm'd with bows, some with straight javelins, ride;
Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.
'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,
And Joab, comely as a fancied god;
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords
With loose and various talk that chance affords,
Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise king
Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.
"Much," said the king, "much I to Joab owe,
"For the fair picture drawn by him of you;
"'T was drawn in little, but did acts express
"So great, that largest histories are less.
"I see, methinks, the Gathian monster still;
"His shape last night my mindful dreams did fill.

" Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue
" The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew!
" I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son
" Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;
" His matchless son, whose worth (if fame be true)
" Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,
" With whom it makes him one." Low David bows,
But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows.
" And pray, kind guest! whilst we ride thus," says he
" (To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be),
" The story of your royal friend relate,
" And his ungovern'd sire's imperious fate;
" Why your great State that nameless family chose,
" And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."
He said: and David thus: " From Egypt's land
" You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarmed hand
" Our fathers came, Moses their sacred guide;
" But he in sight of the given country dy'd:
" His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,
" And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply:
" It did so, and did wonders.
" From sacred Jordan to the Western main,
" From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain
" Of naked sands, his winged conquests went;
" And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.
" Almost four hundred years, from him to Saul,
" In too much freedom pass'd, or foreign thrall.
" Oft strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land
" (Such still are those borne by a conquering hand);
" Oft pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,
" Fit for the toilsome business of their days,

" To free the groaning nation, and to give
" Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.
" But they whose stamp of power did chiefly lie
" In characters too fine for most men's eye,
" Graces and gifts divine;—not painted bright
" With state to awe dull minds, and force t' af-
" fright;—
" Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death
" Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their breath.
" The hungry rich all near them did devour;
" Their judge was Appetite, and their law was
" Power.
" Not Want itself could luxury restrain;
" For what that emptied, Rapine fill'd again.
" Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;
" What the Sword's reaping spar'd, was glean'd by
" th' Gown.
" At courts, and seats of justice, to complain,
" Was to be robb'd more vexingly again.
" Nor was their Lust less active or less bold,
" Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold;
" Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;
" The pride of old men that, and this of young.
" You 've heard perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's
" shame,
" Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they
" name:
" Alarmed all by one fair stranger's eyes,
" As to a sudden war, the town does rise,
" Shaking and pale, half-dead ere they begin
" The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:

" All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,
" Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,
" She midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies;
" Of monstrous lust the innocent sacrifice.
" This did, 't is true, a civil war create
" (The frequent curse of our loose-govern'd state);
" All Gibeah's and all Jabesh' blood it cost;
" Near a whole tribe, and future kings, we lost.
" Firm in this general earthquake of the land,
" How could Religion, its main pillar, stand?
" Proud and fond man his Father's worship hates,
" Himself, God's creature, his own god creates!
" Hence in each household several deities grew,
" And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new:
" The only land which serv'd but One before,
" Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.
" They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their kings
" (Their choice of that this latter slavery brings);
" Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke
" By justest force th' unjustly-forced yoke;
" All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they
" Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.
" At last the priesthood join'd, in Ithamar's son,
" More weight and lustre to the sceptre won;
" But, whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were
" Busied with age, and th' altar's sacred care,
" To their wild sons they their high charge commit,
" Who' expose to scorn and hate both them and it.
" Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears
" Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears;

" His sons abroad, himself at home lies slain;
" Israel 's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.
" Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd,
" They suffer By them first, and For them next.
" Samuel succeeds;—since Moses, none before
" So much of God in his bright bosom bore.
" In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;
" Heaven's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd:
" He rains and wind for auxiliaries brought;
" He muster'd flames and thunders when he fought.
" Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand
" He held th' unshaken balance of the land;
" At last his sons th' indulgent father chose
" To share that state which they were born to lose:
" Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,
" Which had long grown i' th' womb of ages past.
" To this (for still were some great periods set,
" There 's a strong knot of several causes met)
" The threats concurr'd of a rough neighbouring
" war;
" A mighty storm long gathering from afar;
" For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,
" Like torrents swoln with rain, prepar'd the land
" t' invade.
" Samuel was old, and, by his sons' ill choice,
" Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice;
" His sons so scorn'd and hated, that the land
" Nor hop'd, nor wish'd, a victory from their hand.
" These were the just and faultless causes why
" The general voice did for a Monarch cry;

" But God ill grains did in this incense smell;
" Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell:
" A mutinous itch of change; a dull despair
" Of helps divine, oft prov'd; a faithless care
" Of common means; the pride of heart and scorn
" Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne.
" They saw the state and glittering pomp which bless'd
" In vulgar sense the sceptres of the East;
" They saw not power's true source, and scorn'd
" t' obey
" Persons that look'd no dreadfuller than they;
" They miss'd courts, guards, a gay and numerous
" train—
" Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain:—
" On an old bench of wood, her seat of state
" Beneath the well-known palm, wise Deborah sate;
" Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,
" And she too, when the pleadings there were done:
" With the same goad Shamgar his oxen drives
" Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives
" From his sham'd foes: he midst his work dealt
" laws;
" And oft was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause:
" Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain,
" After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes slain;
" His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor
" The seat and emblem of his justice bore.
" What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?
" Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to fame
" For the most wretched? Both at once did keep
" The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep.

" Oft from the field in haste they summon'd were
" Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;
" They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends,
" around,
" Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;
" They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,
" And this chief work of ceremony was done.
" These reasons, and all else that could be said,
" In a ripe hour by factious eloquence spread
" Through all the tribes, make all desire a king;
" And to their Judge selected deputies bring
" This harsh demand; which Nacol for the rest
" (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace
" express'd:—
" We're come, most sacred Judge, to pay th'arrears
" Of much-ow'd thanks, for the bright thirty years
" Of your just reign; and at your feet to lay
" All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
" In unproportion'd words; for you alone
" The not unfit reward, who seek for none.
" But, when our forepast ills we call to mind,
" And sadly think how little 's left behind
" Of your important life, whose sudden date
" Would disinherit th' unprovided state;
" When we consider how unjust 't is, you,
" Who ne'er of power more than the burthen knew,
" At once the weight of that and age should have
" Your stooping days press'd doubly towards the
" grave);
" When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,
" Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,

" And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd ;
" And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd
" As stamps of you, in your lov'd room to place,
" By unlike acts that noble stamp deface ;
" Midst these new fears and ills we 're forc'd to fly
" T' a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy ;
" A new one, but long promis'd, and foretold
" By Moses, and to Abraham shown of old ;
" A prophecy long forming in the womb
" Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come.
" This remedy 's a King ; for this we all
" With an inspir'd and zealous union call :
" And, in one sound when all men's voices join,
" The musick 's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine :
" 'T is God alone speaks a whole nation's voice ;
" That is his publick language ; but the choice
" Of what Peculiar head that crown must bear,
" From you, who his Peculiar organ are,
" We' expect to hear : the people shall to you
" Their king, the king his crown and people, owe.
" To your great name what lustre will it bring
" T' have been our Judge, and to have made our
" King !
" He bow'd, and ended here ; and Samuel straight,
" Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,
" With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,
" That more of care than passion did descry,
" Calmly replies—You 're sure the first, said he,
" Of freeborn men that begg'd for slavery.
" I fear, my friends, with heavenly manna fed
" (Our old forefathers' crime), we lust for bread.

" Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear,
" We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.
" Cheat not yourselves with words; for, though a
" King
" Be the mild name, a Tyrant is the thing.
" Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see
" How mild a thing unbounded man will be.
" He 'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood to
" spill,
" Where'er his guideless passion leads his will:
" Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise;
" Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or praise:
" Your ablest sons for his proud guards he 'll take,
" And by such hands your yoke more grievous make:
" Your daughters and dear wives he 'll force away;
" His luxury some, and some his lust, t' obey:
" His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat,
" Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood and
" sweat.
" Then you 'll all sigh: but sighs will treasons be;
" And not your griefs themselves, or looks, be free:
" Robb'd ev'n of hopes, when you these ills sustain,
" Your watery eyes you 'll then turn back in vain
" On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,
" Nay, ev'n my sons, howe'er they' unhappy be
" In your displeasure now; not that I 'd clear
" Their guilt, or mine own innocence indear:
" Witness th' unutterable Name, there 's nought
" Of private ends into this question brought.
" But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
" Why man your God, and passion made your Law?

" Methinks (thus Moab interrupts him here)
" The good old seer 'gainst Kings was too severe.
" 'T is jest to tell a people that they 're free;
" Who, or How many, shall their masters be
" Is the sole doubt; laws guide, but cannôt reign;
" And, though they bind not kings, yet they restrain.
" I dare affirm (so much I trust their love)
" That no one Moabite would his speech approve.
" But, pray go on.—'T is true, Sir, he replies;
" Yet men whom age and action render wise
" So much great changes fear, that they believe
" All evils will, which may, from them arrive.
" On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain;
" All that his power or eloquence could obtain
" Was, to enquire God's will ere they proceed
" T' a work that would so much his blessing need.
" A solemn day for this great work is set,
" And at th' anointed tent all Israel met
" Expect th' event; below, fair bullocks fry
" In hallow'd flames; above, there mount on high
" The precious clouds of incense; and, at last,
" The sprinkling, prayers, and all due honours, past,
" Lo! we the sacred bells o' th' sudden hear,
" And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear.
" His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on;
" Th' oraculous stones on his rich breast-plate shone.
" Tow'rds the blue curtains of God's holiest place
" (The temple's bright third heaven) he turn'd his face;
" Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn musick play'd,
" And at third rest thus the great prophet pray'd:—

" Almighty God, to whom all men that be
" Owe all they have, yet none so much as we;
" Who, though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,
" Thy too-small court, hast made this place thy
" throne;
" With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here,
" Blest Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear:
" Hear them, great God! and thy just will inspire;
" From Thee, their long-known King, they' a King
" desire.
" Some gracious signs of thy good pleasure send;
" Which, lo! with souls resign'd, we humbly here
" attend.
" He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
" Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout;
" The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by
" In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily;
" The seven lamps wink; and, what does most dismay,
" Th' oraculous gems shut-in their natural day:
" The ruby's cheek grew pale; the emerald by
" Faded; a cloud o'ercast the sapphir's sky;
" The diamond's eye look'd sleepy; and swift night
" Of all those little suns eclips'd the light:
" Sad signs of God's dread anger for our sin:—
" But straight a wondrous brightness from within
" Strook through the curtains; for no earthly cloud
" Could those strong beams of heavenly glory
" shroud;
" The altar's fire burn'd pure, and every stone
" Their radiant parent the gay sun outshone;

" Beauty th' illustrious vision did impart
" To every face, and joy to every heart;
" In glad effects God's presence thus appear'd,
" And thus in wondrous sounds his voice was
" heard:—
" This stubborn land sins still, nor is it Thee, but Us
" (Who 'ave been so long their King) they seek to
" cast off thus;
" Five hundred rolling years hath this stiff nation
" strove [love.
" T' exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd
" Be 't so then; yet once more are we resolv'd to try
" T' outweary them through all their sins' variety:
" Assemble, ten days hence, the numerous people
" here, [bear.
" To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall
" Dismiss them now in peace; but their next crime
" shall bring
" Ruin without redress on them, and on their king.
" Th' Almighty spoke; th' astonish'd people part
" With various stamps imprest on every heart:
" Some their demand repented, others prais'd;
" Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.
" There dwelt a man, nam'd Cis, in Gibeah town,
" For wisdom much, and much for courage, known;
" More for his son; his mighty son was Saul,
" Whom nature, ere the lots, t' a throne did call.
" He was much prince, and when, or wheresoe'er,
" His birth had been, then had he reign'd, and there.
" Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,
" Smil'd in the manly features of his face;

" His large, black eyes, fill'd with a spriteful light,
" Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,
" As the sun-beams, on jet reflecting, show;
" His hair, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow;
" His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,
" Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler
" wood.
" Of all our rural sports he was the pride;
" So swift, so strong, so dextrous, none beside.
" Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;
" No natural wants could his fierce diligence tame,
" Not thirst nor hunger; he would journeys go
" Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.
" His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care;
" But active as some mind that turns a sphere.
" His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
" Nor stepp'd aside for dangers or delight.
" Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;
" But born t' affright, and not to fear, was he.
" His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue
" An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung.
" These virtues too the rich unusual dress
" Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness;
" Like a rich varnish o'er fair pictures laid,
" More fresh and lasting they the colours made.
" Till power and violent fortune, which did find
" No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind,
" Did, deluge-like, the natural forms deface,
" And brought forth unknown monsters in their place.
" Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,
" Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!

" But such he was; and now to Ramah went
" (So God dispos'd) with a strange, low intent.
" Great God! he went lost asses to enquire,
" And a small present, his small question's hire,
" Brought simply with him, to that man to give,
" From whom high Heaven's chief gifts he must
" receive:
" Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human things
" Hang on such small, imperceptible strings!
" 'T was Samuel's birth-day; a glad annual feast
" All Rama kept; Samuel his wondering guest
" With such respect leads to it, and does grace
" With the choice meats o' th' feast, and highest
" place;
" Which done, him forth alone the prophet brings,
" And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things:
" He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd,
" And with great rules fill'd his capacious mind;
" Then takes the sacred vial, and does shed
" A crown of mystick drops around his head;
" Drops of that royal moisture which does know
" No mixture, and disdains the place below.
" Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings
" A new account of time upon his wings.
" The people met, the rites and prayers all past,
" Behold! the heaven-instructed lot is cast;
" 'T is taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miss;
" Forth Benjamin, forth leaps the house of Cis:
" As glimmering stars, just at th' approach of day,
" Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away;

" By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,
" And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone.
" Ev'n here perhaps the people's shout was heard,
" The loud long shout, when God's fair choice ap-
" pear'd:
" Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so tall,
" As if by Nature made for th' head of all;
" So full of grace and state, that one might know
" 'T was some wise eye the blind lot guided so:
" But blind unguided lots have more of choice
" And constancy than the slight vulgar's voice.
" Ere yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,
" Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry,
" Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,
" Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Cis:
" Some their first mutinous wish, ' a King!' repent,
" As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent:
" Few to this prince their first just duties pay;
" All leave the old, but few the new obey.
" Thus changes man, but God is constant still
" To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will;
" And, though he yielded first to them, 't is fit
" That stubborn men at last to him submit.
" As midst the main a low small island lies,
" Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,
" Whilst the poor heartless natives, every hour,
" Darkness and noise seem ready to devour;
" Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the west
" Philistian clouds hung threatening, and from
" th' east

" All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,
" Through which proud Nahash like fierce lightning
" shines;
" Tygris and Nile to his assistance send,
" And waters to swoln Jaboc's torrent lend;
" Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalek, add their force;
" Up with them march the three Arabias' horse;
" And, 'mongst all these, none more their hope or
" pride,
" Than those few troops your warlike land supply'd.
" Around weak Jabesh this vast host does lie,
" Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.
" The hopeless town for slavery does intreat;
" But barbarous Nahash thinks that grace too
" great;
" He (his first tribute) their right eyes, demands,
" And with their faces' shame disarms their hands.
" If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid,
" This bargain for o'er-rated life is made.
" Ah, mighty God! let thine own Israel be
" Quite blind itself, ere this reproach it see!
" By' his wanton people the new king forsook,
" To homely, rural cares himself betook;
" In private plenty liv'd, without the state,
" Lustre, and noise, due to a publick fate.
" Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,
" Lo! the sad messengers, from Jabesh come,
" Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant
" That way at least proud Nahash to prevent.
" Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command
" He issues forth t' assemble all the land;

" He threatens high, and disobedient they,
" Wak'd by such princely terrors, learnt t' obey.
" A mighty host is rais'd; th' important cause
" Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure,
" draws;
" Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide;
" But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd.
" All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
" On Jabesh' heath in three fair bodies drawn:
" Saul did himself the first and strongest band,
" His son the next, Abner the third, command.—
" But pardon, Sir, if, naming Saul's great son,
" I stop with him awhile ere I go on.—
" This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,
" The beautifull'st and best, of human race;
" That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain
" All that kind mothers' wishes can contain!
" His courage such as it no stop can know,
" And victory gains by' astonishing the foe;
" With lightning's force his enemies it confounds,
" And melts their hearts ere it the bosom wounds;
" Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains,
" As captive lovers find in beauty's chains:
" In war, the adverse troops he does assail
" Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail;
" In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage
" The burning months, and temper Syrius' rage;
" Kind as the sun's blest influence; and, where'er
" He comes, plenty and joy attend him there:
" To help seems all his power; his wealth, to give;
" To do much good, his sole prerogative:

" And yet this general bounty of his mind,
" That with wide arms embraces all mankind,
" Such artful prudence does to each divide;
" With different measures all are satisfy'd;
" Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt;
" Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.
" To all relations their just rights he pays,
" And worth's reward above its claim does raise:
" The tenderest husband, master, father, son,
" And all those parts by' his friendship far outdone;
" His love to friends no bound or rule does know,
" What he to Heaven, all that to him they owe.
" Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit;
" His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit;
" And such an eloquence to both these does join,
" As makes in both beauty and use combine;
" Through which a noble tincture does appear
" By learning and choice books imprinted there:
" As well he knows all times and persons gone,
" As he himself to th' future shall be known:
" But his chief study is God's sacred law,
" And all his life does comments on it draw;—
" As never more by Heaven to man was given,
" So never more was paid by man to Heaven.—
" And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,
" Ere yet his flower of youth was fully blown;
" All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn;
" Like trees in paradise, he with fruit was born.
" Such is his soul; and if, as some men tell, [dwell,
" Souls form and build those mansions were they

" Whoe'er but sees his body must confess,
" The architect, no doubt, could be no less.
" From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,
" Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look;
" Not bright Ahinoam, beauty's loudest name
" (Till she t' her children lost with joy her fame),
" Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair
" More darting eyes, or lovelier auburn hair.
" Forgive me, that I thus your patience wrong,
" And on this boundless subject stay so long,
" Where too much haste ever to end 't would be,
" Did not his acts speak what 's untold by me.
" Though, from the time his hands a sword could
" wield,
" He ne'er miss'd fame and danger in the field,
" Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,
" Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth;
" 'T was the last morning whose uncheerful rise
" Sad Jabesh was to view with both their eyes.
" Secure proud Nahash slept as in his court,
" And dreamt, vain man! of that day's barbarous
" sport,
" Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke;
" Till into 'his camp our violent army broke.
" The careless guards with small resistance kill'd,
" Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd;
" Nahash his fatal duty does perform,
" And marches boldly up t' outface the storm;
" Fierce Jonathan he meets, as he pursues
" Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews;

" 'T was here your troops behav'd themselves so well,
" Till Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell.
" 'T was here our victory stopp'd, and gave us cause
" Much to suspect th' intention of her pause;
" But, when our thundering Prince Nahash espy'd
" (Who, with a courage equal to his pride,
" Broke through our troops, and tow'rds him boldly
" press'd),
" A generous joy leap'd in his youthful breast:
" As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light
" Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight,
" The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,
" He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
" With vain though violent force their darts they flung;
" In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,
" And stopp'd there; Ammon did his helmet hit,
" And, gliding off, bore the proud crest from it;
" Straight with their swords to the fierce shock they
" came,
" Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot
" flame;
" Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain, they dealt,
" Which more than they th' engag'd spectators felt;
" In Ammon force, in Jonathan address
" (Though both were great in both to an excess)
" To the well-judging eye did most appear;
" Honour and anger in both equal were.
" Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon
" three;
" Which he, enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,

" Did his whole strength into one blow collect;—
" And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct
" To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by
" Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,
" Just as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
" So waited Death itself to bear away
" The threaten'd life; did glad and greedy stand
" At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.—
" Our watchful Prince by bending sav'd the wound:
" But Death in other coin his reckoning found;
" For, whilst th' immoderate stroke's miscarrying
" force
" Had almost borne the striker from his horse,
" A nimble thrust his active enemy made;
" 'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
" And opened wide those secret vessels, where
" Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.
" He falls! his armour clanks against the ground,
" From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.
" His amaz'd troops straight cast their arms away;
" Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than
" they.
" As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom rage
" And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage,
" Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,
" And seeks t' usurp the bordering flowers alone)
" Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
" In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful right;
" If by sad chance of battle either king
" Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,

" His army's hopes and courage with him die;
" They sheathe up their faint swords, and routed fly.
" On th' other sides at once, with like success,
" Into the camp great Saul and Abner press;
" From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they hear,
" And, whatsoe'er it mean, long to be there;
" At the same instant from glad Jabesh' town
" The hasty troops march loud and cheerful down;
" Some few at first with vain resistance fall,
" The rest is slaughter and vast conquest all.
" The fate by which our host thus far had gone,
" Our host with noble heat drove farther on;
" Victorious arms through Ammon's land it bore;
" Ruin behind, and terror march'd before:
" Where'er from Rabba's towers they cast their sight,
" Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the
" night.
" This bright success did Saul's first action bring;
" The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king:
" The Happy, all men judge for empire fit,
" And none withstands where Fortune does submit.
" Those who before did God's fair choice with-
" stand,
" Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand;
" But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom;
" Conquest abroad, with mercy crown'd at home;
" Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,
" Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.
" Again the crown th' assembled people give,
" With greater joy than Saul could it receive;

" Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place
" (God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace);
" With decent pride, such as did well befit
" The name he kept, and that which he did quit:
" The long-past row of happy years he show'd
" Which to his heavenly government they ow'd;
" How the torn State his just and prudent reign
" Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again;
" In war what conquering miracles he wrought;—
" God, then their King, was General when they
" fought;
" Whom they depos'd with him—And that, said he,
" You may see God concern'd in 't more than me,
" Behold how storms his angry presence shroud!
" Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud!
" 'T was now the ripen'd summer's highest rage;
" Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage;
" Th' earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust for
" rain,
" Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
" Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'
" sun;
" When, lo! ere scarce the active speech was done,
" A violent wind rose from his secret cave,
" And troops of frighted clouds before it drave:
" Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest crowds,
" Swift, dreadful flames shot through th' encounter-
" ing clouds, [broke,
" From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder
" And in dire sounds the prophet's sense it spoke;

" Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,
" As if the waters 'bove the firmament
" Were all let loose; horror and fearful noise
" Fill'd the black scene; till the great prophet's
" voice,
" Swift as the wings of morn, reduc'd the day;
" Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once
" away.
" Fear not, said he; God his fierce wrath removes,
" And, though this State my service disapproves,
" My prayers shall serve it constantly: No more,
" I hope, a pardon for past sins t' implore;
" But just rewards from gracious Heaven to bring
" On the good deeds of you, and of our king.
" Behold him there! and, as you see, rejoice
" In the kind care of God's impartial choice.
" Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit!
" The honour Heaven has cloth'd him with, sits
" fit
" And comely on him; since you needs must be
" Rul'd by a King, you 're happy that 't is he.
" Obey him gladly; and let him too know
" You were not made for him, but he for you,
" And both for God;
" Whose gentlest yoke if once you cast away,
" In vain shall he command, and you obey;
" To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,
" Instead of king and subjects here at home.
" The crown thus several ways confirm'd to Saul,
" One way was wanting yet to crown them all;

" And that was force, which only can maintain
" The power that fortune gives, or worth does gain.
" Three thousand guards of big bold men he took;
" Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look:
" His sacred person two, and throne, defend;
" The third, on matchless Jonathan attend;
" O'er whose full thoughts Honour, and Youthful
" Heat,
" Sate brooding, to hatch actions good and great.
" On Geba first, where a Philistian band
" Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,
" He falls, and slaughters all; his noble rage
" Mix'd with design his nation to engage
" In that just war, which from them long in vain
" Honour and freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.
" Th' accurs'd Philistian, rous'd with this bold blow,
" All the proud marks of enrag'd power does show;
" Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering host:
" If human strength might authorize a boast,
" Their threats had reason here: for ne'er did we
" Ourselves so weak, or foe so potent, see.
" Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,
" The rear out-reaches far th' extended eye;
" Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand;
" As thick and numberless they hide the land.
" Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,
" And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground;
" Here with worse noise three thousand chariots
" pass,
" With plates of iron bound, or louder brass;

" About it forks, axes, and scythes, and spears,
" Whole magazines of death each chariot bears;
" Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,
" And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows:
" Alike, the valiant and the cowards die;
" Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.
" In this proud equipage, at Macmas they,
" Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay;
" His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,
" Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud.
" The quick contagion, Fear, ran swift through all,
" And into trembling fits th' infected fall.
" Saul and his son (for no such faint disease
" Could on their strong-complexion'd valour seize)
" In vain all parts of virtuous conduct show'd,
" And on deaf terror generous words bestow'd:
" Thousands from thence fly scatter'd every day,
" Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,
" When they th' approach of stormy winter find;
" The noble tree all bare expos'd to th' wind.
" Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim 't for haste,
" And from his farther bank look back at last:
" Some into woods and caves their cattle drive;
" There with their beasts on equal terms they live,
" Nor deserve better: some in rocks on high,
" The old retreats of storks and ravens, lie;
" And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would
" they dare
" To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.
" As th' host with fear, so Saul disturb'd with care,
" T' avert these ills by sacrifice and prayer,

" And God's blest will t' enquire, for Samuel sends ;
" Whom he six days with troubled haste attends ;
" But, ere the seventh unlucky day (the last
" By Samuel set for this great work) was past,
" Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighbouring foe ;
" Impatient, ere God's time, God's mind to know ;
" 'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay ;
" Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay ;
" Scorning that any 's presence should appear
" Needful besides, when he himself was there ; 750
" And, with a pride too natural, thinking Heaven
" Had given him all, because much power 't had
" given)
" Himself the sacrifice and offerings made ;
" Himself did th' high selected charge invade ;
" Himself enquir'd of God ; who then spake nought ;
" But Samuel straight his dreadful answer brought :
" For straight he came, and, with a virtue bold
" As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told ;
" His foul ingratitude to Heaven he chid,
" To pluck that fruit, which was alone forbid 760
" To kingly power, in all that plenteous land,
" Where all things else submit to his command.
" And, as fair Eden's violated tree
" T' immortal man brought in mortality ;
" So shall that crown, which God eternal meant, 765
" From thee, said he, and thy great house, be rent ;
" Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,
" And give thy' immortal royalty an end.
" Thus spoke the prophet ; but kind Heaven, we hope
" (Whose threats and anger know no other scope 770

" But man's amendment) does long since relent,
" And, with repentant Saul, itself repent.
" Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,
" Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour be
" To do it less), this speech we sadly find
" Still extant, and still active in his mind;
" But then a worse effect of it appear'd—
" Our army, which before modestly fear'd;
" Which did by stealth and by degrees decay;
" Disbanded now, and fled in troops away.
" Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,
" When an excuse and colour it can show!
" Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)
" Of all his host with distress'd Saul remain;
" Of his whole host six hundred; and ev'n those
" (So did wise Heaven for mighty ends dispose!
" Nor would that useless multitudes should share
" In that great gift it did for one prepare)
" Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,
" But country-hinds alarmed from afar
" By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known sound
" Raises th' affrighted villages around.
" Some goads, flails, plow-shares, forks, or axes, bore,
" Made for life's use and better ends before;
" Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd
" I' th' fire, the first rude arts that malice try'd,
" Ere man the sins of too much knowledge knew,
" And death by long experience witty grew.
" Such were the numbers, such the arms, which we
" Had by fate left us for a victory

" O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear
" Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.
" 'T was just the time when the new ebb of night
" Did the moist world unvail to human sight;
" The Prince, who all that night the field had beat
" With a small party, and no enemy met
" (So proud and so secure the enemy lay,
" And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day!)
" With joy this good occasion did embrace,
" With better leisure, and at nearer space,
" The strength and order of their camp to view:
" Abdon alone his generous purpose knew;
" Abdon, a bold, a brave, and comely youth,
" Well-born, well-bred, with honour fill'd, and truth;
" Abdon, his faithful 'squire, whom much he lov'd,
" And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;
" Abdon, whose love t' his master did exceed
" What Nature's law, or Passion's power, could breed;
" Abdon alone did on him now attend,
" His humblest servant, and his dearest friend.
" They went: but sacred fury, as they went,
" Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.
" What may this be! (the Prince breaks forth); I find
" God, or some powerful spirit, invades my mind.
" From aught but Heaven can never sure be brought
" So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought;
" Nor would Ill-fate, that meant me to surprise,
" Come cloth'd in so unlikely a disguise.
" Yon host, which its proud fishes spreads so wide
" O'er the whole land, like some swoln river's tide;

" Which terrible and numberless appears,
" As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears;
" Which lies so strongly 'encamp'd, that one would
" say
" The hill might be remov'd as soon as they;
" We two alone must fight with and defeat:
" Thou 'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great!
" Yet we must do 't; God our weak hands has chose
" T' ashame the boasted numbers of our foes;
" Which to his strength no more proportion be,
" Than millions are of hours to his eternity.
" If, when their careless guards espy us here,
" With sportful scorn they call t' us to come near,
" We 'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;
" Not they, but Israel's Angel, gives the call.
" He spoke: and as he spoke, a light divine
" Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;
" Louder his voice, larger his limbs, appear'd;
" Less seem'd the numerous army to be fear'd.
" This saw, and heard, with joy the brave Esquire,
" As he with God's, fill'd with his master's, fire:
" Forbid it, Heaven! said he, I should decline,
" Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine;
" The great example which I daily see
" Of your high worth is not so lost on me;
" If wonder-strook I at your words appear,
" My wonder yet is innocent of fear:
" Th' honour which does your princely breast en-
" flame,
" Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's name.

" If in this act Ill-fate our tempter be,
" May all the ill it means be aim'd at me!
" But sure, I think, God leads; nor could you bring
" So high thoughts from a less-exalted spring.
" Bright signs through all your words and looks are
" spread,
" A rising victory dawns around your head.
" With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,
" Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.
" Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,
" Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread;
" Th' only' access on neighbouring Gabaa's side,
" An hard and narrow way, which did divide
" Two cliffy rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,
" Much for themselves, and their big strangeness,
" fam'd;
" More for their fortune, and this stranger day.
" On both their points Philistian out-guards lay,
" From whence the two bold spies they first espy'd;
" And, lo! the Hebrews! proud Elcanor cry'd,
" From Senes' top; lo! from their hungry caves,
" A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.
" Come up (aloud he cries to them below),
" Ye' Egyptian slaves, and to our mercy owe
" The rebel-lives long since t' our justice due.
" Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,
" When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand
" God, and his God-like virtues' high command.
" It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent
" With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.

" Elcanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought
" His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants brought;
" Did new affronts to the great Hebrew Name
" (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.
" Short was his sport; for, swift as thunder's stroke
" Rives the frail trunk of some heaven-threatening
" oak,
" The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;
" The parted skull hung down on either side.
" Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew
" Half-way (no more the trembling joints could do);
" Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood
" Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.
" Some close to earth, shaking and grovelling, lie,
" Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy;
" Some, wonder-strook, stand fix'd; some fly; some
" arm
" Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm.
" Like the main channel of an high-swoln flood,
" In vain by dikes and broken works withstood;
" So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill,
" Does all around with noise and ruin fill:
" Like some large arm of which, another way
" Abdon o'erflows; him too no bank can stay.
" With cries th' affrighted country flies before,
" Behind the following waters loudly roar.
" Twenty, at least, slain on this out-guard lie,
" To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly;
" And ill-mix'd wonders tell, and into 't bear
" Blind terror, deaf disorder, helpless fear.

" The conquerors too press boldly in behind,
" Doubling the wild confusions which they find.
" Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod town,
" Chief 'mongst the five in riches and renown,
" And General then by course, oppos'd their way,
" Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,
" And curs'd the heavens for rage, and bit the
" ground;
" His life, for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass around.
" His brother too, who virtuous haste did make
" His fortune to revenge, or to partake,
" Falls grovelling o'er his trunk, on mother earth;
" Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their
" birth.
" Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless sword
" Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their lord.
" On still, o'er panting corpse, great Jonathan led;
" Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.
" Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous
" show,
" Thy' attempt, or thy success? thy fate, or thou?
" Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,
" With purpose not to die, but to prevail!
" Infinite numbers thee no more affright,
" Than God, whose unity is infinite.
" If Heaven to men such mighty thoughts would
" give,
" What breast but thine capacious to receive
" The vast infusion? or what soul but thine
" Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?

" Thou follow'dst Heaven in the design, and we
" Find in the act 't was Heaven that follow'd thee.
" Thou ledd'st on angels, and that sacred band
" (The Deity's great lieutenant!) didst command.
" 'T is true, Sir, and no figure, when I say
" Angels themselves fought under him that day.
" Clouds, with ripe thunder charg'd, some thither
" drew,
" And some the dire materials brought for new.
" Hot drops of southern showers (the sweats of
" death), [breath;
" The voice of storms, and winged whirlwinds'
" The flames shot forth from fighting dragons' eyes;
" The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' ovens rise;
" The reddest fires with which sad comets grow;
" And Sodom's neighbouring lake, did spirits bestow
" Of finest sulphur; amongst which they put
" Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut
" Into a cold moist cloud, t' enflame it more,
" And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.
" Th' assembled clouds burst o'er their army's head;
" Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them
" spread.
" Another Spirit, with a more potent wand
" Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,
" And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain
" strook;
" The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook.
" Through the wide air another Angel flew
" About their host, and thick amongst them threw

" Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,
" And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.
" The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
" It quickens, and receives at once the seed.
" One would have thought, this dismal day t' have
" seen,
" That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been.
" Such will the face of that great hour appear;
" Such the distracted sinner's conscious fear.
" In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;
" In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;
" Unheard, unheeded, trodden down, they lie,
" Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.
" O'er their own foot trampled the violent horse;
" The guideless chariots with impetuous course
" Cut wide through both; and, all their bloody way,
" Horses and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.
" Some from the rocks cast themselves down head-
" long;
" The faint, weak passion grows so bold and strong!
" To almost certain present death they fly,
" From a remote and causeless fear to die.
" Much different error did some troops possess;
" And madness, that look'd better, though no less:
" Their fellow-troops for th' enter'd foe they take;
" And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.
" Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,
" And hear, the thickening tumult, as it grew
" Still great and loud; and, though he knows not why
" They fled, no more than they themselves that fly,

" Yet, by the storms and terrors of the air,
" Guesses some vengeful spirit 's working there;
" Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,
" And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.
" At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise;
" Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice,
" Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,
" And their proud vengeance with the memory please
" Of who so lately bore them. All about,
" From rocks and caves, the Hebrews issue out
" At the glad noise; joy'd that their foes had shown
" A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.
" Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear,
" Still scatter'd death and terrors every-where;
" Still did he break, still blunt, his wearied swords;
" Still slaughter new supplies t' his hand affords.
" Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew,
" And, till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.
" All fled at last, but many in vain; for still
" Th' insatiate Conqueror was more swift to kill
" Than they to save their lives. Till, lo! at last,
" Nature, whose power he had so long surpass'd,
" Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,
" Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did oppose.
" Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,
" Burnt with the sun's and violent action's heat,
" 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid,
" For some short ease; Fate in the old oak had laid
" Provisions up for his relief; and, lo!
" The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.

" With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,
" Strong he returns, and fresh, to the pursuit;
" His strength and spirits the honey did restore;
" But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!
" Behold, Sir, and mark well the treacherous fate,
" That does so close on human glories wait!
" Behold the strong, and yet fantastick net,
" T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!
" Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,
" The Prince—who had alone that morning fought
" A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,
" And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one;
" Wash'd-off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd
" In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;
" Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tottering crown,
" And the bright gold new burnish'd with renown,—
" Should be ere night, by 's King and Father's
" breath,
" Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
" Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be
" Of thanks, himself, for his own victory?
" Alone, with various fate, like to become,
" Fighting, an host; dying, an hecatomb?
" Yet such, Sir, was his case;
" For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might
" (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to sight)
" His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade,
" A rash, but solemn vow to Heaven had made—
" Curs'd be the wretch, thrice cursed let him be,
" Who shall touch food this busy day, said he,

" Whilst the blest sun does with his favouring light
" Assist our vengeful swords against their flight:
" Be he thrice curst! and, if his life we spare,
" On us those curses fall that he should bear!
" Such was the king's rash vow; who little thought
" How near to him Fate th' application brought.
" The two-edg'd oath wounds deep, perform'd or
" broke;
" Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.
" 'T was his own son, whom God and mankind
" lov'd,
" His own victorious son, that he devov'd:
" On whose bright head the baleful curses light:
" But Providence, his helmet in the fight,
" Forbids their entrance or their settling there;
" They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.
" Him what religion, or what vow, could bind,
" Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find
" Entangled in 't? whilst wonders he did do,
" Must he die now for not being prophet too?
" To all but him this oath was meant and said;
" He, afar off, the ends for which 't was made
" Was acting then, till, faint and out of breath,
" He grew half-dead with toil of giving death.
" What could his crime in this condition be,
" Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?
" Yet the remorseless king—who did disdain
" That man should hear him swear or threat in vain,
" Though 'gainst himself; or fate a way should see
" By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;

"Who thought compassion female weakness here,
"And equity injustice, would appear
"In his own cause; who falsely fear'd, beside,
"The solemn curse on Jonathan did abide,
"And, the infected limb not cut away,
"Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray;—
"Prepar'd this god-like sacrifice to kill,
"And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil.
"What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell
"Which on all Israel that sad moment fell!
"Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
"Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.
"Not Saul's proud heart could master his swoln eye;
"The Prince alone stood mild and patient by;
"So bright his sufferings, so triumphant, show'd,
"Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.
"A victory now he o'er himself might boast;
"He conquer'd now, that conqueror of an host.
"It charm'd through tears the sad spectator's sight,
"Did reverence, love, and gratitude, excite,
"And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they now
"Oppose to Saul's a better publick vow.
"They all consent all Israel ought to be
"Accurs'd and kill'd themselves, rather than he.
"Thus with kind force they the glad king withstood,
"And sav'd their wondrous saviour's sacred blood!"
Thus David spoke; and much did yet remain
Behind, th' attentive prince to entertain;
Edom and Zoba's war—for what befel
In that of Moab, was known there too well:

The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalek's land;
Where Heaven itself did cruelty command,
And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er
More punish innocent blood, than pity there.
But, lo! they' arriv'd now at th' appointed place;
Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the chace.

A DISCOURSE,

BY WAY OF VISION,

CONCERNING THE

GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ON THE

GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants, among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother) were pleased to attend; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast

multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last (for it seemed long to me, and, like his short reign too, very tedious) the whole scene passed by; and I retired back to my chamber, weary, and I think more melancholy than any of the mourners; where I began to reflect on the whole life of this prodigious man: and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision; or, if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill, because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream; for I was suddenly transported afar off (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not), and found myself on the top of that famous hill in the island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not-long-since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked on them, the "not-long-since" struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries, that

had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a-sighing for an hour more; and, as soon as I recovered from my passion the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon England) into this complaint:

Ah, happy isle, how art thou chang'd and curs'd,
Since I was born, and knew thee first!
When peace, which had forsook the world around
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)
Thee for a private place of rest,
And a secure retirement, chose
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;
No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose:

When all the riches of the globe beside
Flow'd in to thee with every tide;
When all, that nature did thy soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful industry;
When all the proud and dreadful sea,
And all his tributary streams,
A constant tribute paid to thee;
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames:

When plenty in each village did appear,
And bounty was its steward there;
When gold walk'd free about in open view,
Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;

When the religion of our state
Had face and substance with her voice,
Ere she, by her foolish loves of late,
Like Echo (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noise:

When men to men respect and friendship bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon earth no kingdom could have shown
A happier monarch to us, than our own:
And yet his subjects by him were
(Which is a truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

Thou dost a Chaos, and Confusion, now,
A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow;
And, like a frantick person, thou dost tear
The ornaments and clothes which thou shouldst wear,
And cut thy limbs; and, if we see
(Just as thy barbarous Britons did)
Thy body with hypocrisy
Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.

The nations, which envied thee erewhile,
Now laugh (too little 't is to smile);
They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.
Art thou the country, which didst hate
And mock the French inconstancy?
And have we, have we seen of late
Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?

Unhappy isle! no ship of thine at sea
Was ever tost and torn like thee.
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat:
What did thy foolish pilots ail,
To lay the compass quite aside?
Without a law or rule to sail,
And rather take the winds, than heavens, to be their guide!

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating isle from shipwreck save;
And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,
It well deserve to sink into the main;
Yet, for the royal martyr's prayer
(The royal martyr prays, we know)
This guilty, perishing vessel spare;
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below!

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over, with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was

the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword, that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was "Pax quæritur bello;" and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereto; for I am that angel, to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, Sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man, had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion, but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had ab-

solutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard the third to the king his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know, what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a protector—" and as I was proceeding, methought, his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him, for I did not believe that Cromwell among all his foreign correspondences had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then: and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know."

At which he told me "that he had no other con-

cernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly), for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue, What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties

patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched-out to the extent of his immortal designs * ?"

* Mr. Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but altered, as he says, in some particulars from the original, in his History of Great Britain. HURD.

By this speech, I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended highness was; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ), I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner: "I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel; and if such you be, Sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: for sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I suppose you commend by irony.

"There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but, to sum up a part of it briefly, What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself qualify him rightly, to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a-year, and to raise them himself

to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what? two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up councils of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for the king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abase perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general * first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his un-

* Sir Thomas Fairfax.

reasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally; and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Molochship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?"

Though I had much more to say (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant); yet, because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right and fair play in a disputation, I stopped here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite: but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied to me:

"It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of (whose greatness is too

solid to be shaken by the breath of an oratory), as for your own sake (honest countryman), whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And, in the first place, I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

Οὐχ' ὅσιον καλαμίνοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἰύχεσθαι.

'T is wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived."

" Your highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent
Already to their punishment.

" But I take this to be the rule in the case, that, when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living: that the curses, which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not

[illegible]

[illegible]

What blood, confusion, [illegible]
A short and miserable reign!
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous serpent rise?
But even his forked tongue strikes head:
When he has rear'd up his [illegible] head,
He murders with his [illegible] crown.
A basilisk he grows, [illegible] he get a crown.

[illegible] guards can [illegible] assaulting fears,
[illegible] fears,
No more than [illegible] close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming [illegible] out, when we sleep.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] within.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

What sores deform'd the ulcerous state!
What darkness to be felt has buried us of late!

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away!
And made even of our sons a prey!
What croaking sects and vermin has it sent,
The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which every-where they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away: no, they devour it still.

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea.
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

If by our sins the divine justice be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,
To try, if England can repent.
Methinks, at least, some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' death, so of a tyrant's birth.

Here, the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopped: and his highness, smiling, said, "I was glad to see you engaged in the enclosure of metre; for, if you had stayed in the open plain of declaiming against the word tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of tyrant, for I remember that among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater)* is so termed; and perhaps, as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it, upon better consideration, to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind; at least, it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person who is now the subject of our discourse."

"I call him (said I) a tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow-citizens without any legal authority over them; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part, of that power which they assume to themselves; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling againt them who had it before, or at least against those laws which were his superiors: and in

all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it: and, if lawful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority, by their forefathers, what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes? nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he (disdaining all that had been prescribed and observed before) was pleased (out of great modesty) to set to himself; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation even against his own laws, as well as those of the nation!"

"Hold, friend (said his highness, pulling me by my arm), for I see your zeal is transporting you again; whether the protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon; it is requisite to examine, first, whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else, ever was, or can be so; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their do-

minions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world; and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority, by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained, either by the election and consent of the people (and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion); or else by a conquest of them (and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant); so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his highness),

the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war; so that his highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former: and he who, after a deplorable shipwreck, can with extraordinary industry gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and felicity so rejoin them, as to make a new vessel more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his highness had) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And do but consider, lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken upon this noble argument), do but consider seriously and impartially with yourself, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage, must of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings (as I observed before), and through so many thousand difficulties, was able not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland (which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to); and to crown all this with illustrious and heroical undertakings and successes upon all our foreign ene-

mies: do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these."

"Whoever you are, said I (my indignation making me somewhat bolder), your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a protector. It is upon these principles that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none most certainly upon those of a private person; and, if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves and banditos, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents, as well as angels; nor does his goodness fail of its ends, even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience; and by nothing

more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronise in England: but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one; and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other; and (to continue a little farther the allegory) we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till, either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

"But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude. If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland, in the place of the late lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in England: but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations, from God Almighty, not to admit him.

"Your second argument is, that he had the same

right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems falsely thought them), and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves.

"The right, certainly, of conquest can only be exercised upon those against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained. So that no whole nation can be said to be conquered, but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person, or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that raises men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorises the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder; lastly,

it is our country that directs and commands the army, and is indeed their general. So that to say, in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And, if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten, and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent; and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service, or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his majesty; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed, with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and canibals! Was it for king and parliament that we fought; and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against, the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Crom-

well was not a conqueror, but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes (though it be very rarely) a true title; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly; and if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty (having nothing else in authority above them), and not as particular rebels to their country, which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad (as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner), all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till, by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

"Your third defence of his highness (as your highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest; for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken; who broke it? It was dissolved; who dissolved it? It was extinguished; who was it, but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house,. be-

cause it is better that he, than that only rats, should live there. Jesus God! (said I, and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed; but the heirs (blessed be God!) are yet surviving, and likely to outlive all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. 'Rode, caper, vitem, &c.' There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts, that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in midst of the combustion; he little thought then that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel (the sovereign of the seas) in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe, and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisher-boat for himself. But when he saw that, by the drowning of the master (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head, as he was swimming for his life), by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure; with the old

hulk, and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up, with much ado, that piratical vessel which we have seen him command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

"First then (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable, who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again), this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect, it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank: and thirdly (which concerns us nearest), that very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chemist, is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

"Your last argument is such (when reduced to syllogism), that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation has the right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family:

what would become of us, when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the public, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days); and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky era of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great, 'Nostrâ miseriâ magnus es.' But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men who are effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world must needs have extraordinary forces of nature, by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

"I have often observed (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of

Eternal Providence), that when the fulness and maturity of time is come, that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination; and, though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that the hand is moved by some secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs, which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

— Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpésque raptas, & pecus & domos
Volventis unà, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
Cùm fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. HOR. 3 Carm. xxix.

"And one man then, by maliciously opening all the

sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this (though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so); but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman senate, nór the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country, or themselves, against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once, by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choise of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work (the end of this being, not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does

not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm); but he makes the Massanellos, and the Johns of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Afric, to correct the pride of the Egyptians; but called for his armies of locusts out of Æthiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence they must needs have had both the craft of foxes, and the courage of lions?

"It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England: and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events. First, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that, which hath been so unwisely and unjustly removed, that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented

commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician, especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation (under what name or pretext soever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull (when poverty and hunger begin to whet their understanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid, even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power, to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for so many together, and so young) in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this considera-

tion, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were passed with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already (as we may reasonably hope it to be meant) a promise and earnest of his future favours. And lastly (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed), because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature, and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

" And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by men's actions; or of the latter, than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting), I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called great, besides him we are now speaking of, who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much

the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries), I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage; I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical) he had at first the good-fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it

was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them who had to do with him believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor. That these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it) I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence, as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep. How diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us, 'Their feet run to 'evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood,' Isai. lix. 7. 'He travels with iniquity,' Psal. vii. 14. 'He deviseth mischief upon his bed,' Psal. xxxiv. 4. "They search out iniquity, they accom-'plish a diligent search,' Psal. lxiv. 6. and in a multitude of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous, to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;

There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,
Th' adulterer and the thief his larum has within.

" And, if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux and his fellow gunpowder friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt but, if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws (and with so little probability of a long impunity), so publickly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold with so much insolence and affront to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking, so many parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldnesses, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences, to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far

from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue), that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases there use frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done, to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp whilst he saw it burning. I could reckon up five hundred boldnesses of that great person (for why should not he, too, be called so?), who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

"It would look (I must confess) like envy, or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not: and yet I may venture, I think, to affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds and dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a

just pretension to one of the first charges in an army; it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations.

" What then shall we say? that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so, indeed, in a great measure, by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But, truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

" We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because you say it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you, in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestick actions. The first of his foreign, was a peace with our brethren of Holland (who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home): who would not imagine at first glimpse that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed, that his whole life could have made any parade of? But no man can look upon all the circumstances, without perceiving, that it was purely the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages

that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this Beatus Pacificus is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a-year (besides all the vails of his protectorship) is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were, that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our Anti-Solomon (who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his new Jerusalem) we must go, ten thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince (the Faustus, as well as Sylla, of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings), I desire them to consider, how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus: and herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance, that they who had enslaved their country (though a great army, which I wish may be observed by ours with trembling) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great

name of the conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the impudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly; and how much we have gotten by it, let the custom-house and exchange inform you; and, if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet (which indeed nobody else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least, let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships.

"But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion (excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master), to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sate still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England,

not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home.

"And, first, he found the commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about 800,000 pounds; he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it: and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise monies. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation *; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excel-

* By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by sir John Denham. HURD.

lently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author, when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design, of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London; from which he was rebutted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill, that a considerable number at least amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (oh Antichrist! Πομφὸν and ὁ Πομφός!) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this, indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation, which had given the first noble example of crucifying their king, it might have had some appearance of gratitude: but he did it only for love of their mammon; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a *mosquito*. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-prayer book. But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money; when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every

man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery, as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways? Was it not so? or can any man think that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's, whom he had met and been too strong for upon a road? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney *, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the counsel of the plaintiff; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed, the king's regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little ship-money.

"But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst, erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it; and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways

* Which the reader may see in lord Clarendon, H. R. vol. iii. fol. p. 596. HURD.

how to proceed against offenders? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming (as you call it) against these wickednesses (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration), that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest, as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me (for, though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all history), let any man shew me (I say) an example of any nation in the world (though much greater than ours), where there have, in the space of four years, been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant you, that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason, I think, partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman, to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly, in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle: and, to omit

the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions than the short one of our blessed reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets (as I marked to you at first), the broiling of human bowels as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the subtilest invention of his predecessors of Sicily), is more humane and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen; his selling of them (oh monstrous! oh incredible!) to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon, so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent (though a just) passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

"These are great calamities: but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our sufferings: he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his

power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta *. To-day, you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow, flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants. This month, he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month, he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, 'Turn the buckles of their girdles behind them.' The representative of a whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? boldness or brutishness? rashness or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it; and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy

* In the case of Coney, before mentioned.

peers of the land at one clap *(extempore,* and *stans pede in uno);* and to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chooses not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of Fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell (who was himself one of the primest of her jests), found out the true *haut gout* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! what have we seen? and what have we suffered? what do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this (even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London), 'You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you!'

"These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more kingdoms, and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them: which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good-fortune to him, than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at last as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace (his, do I call it? I

ask God and the king pardon), but I never passed of late before Whitehall, without reading upon the gate of it, 'Mene Mene, Tekel Upharsin *.' But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high court of justice; which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity, especially if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and, by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here 's at last an end of him. And where 's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity, which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you will say) has the whole crop. I doubt, he will find it quickly blasted. I have nothing to say against the gentleman †, or any living of his family: on the contrary, I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought (though decency, perhaps, might have hindered me from saying it) even against mine own, if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms."

* Dan. v. 25.

† A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell.

Here I stopped; and my pretended protector, who, I expected, would have been very angry, fell a-laughing; it seems, at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: "You seem to pretend extremely to the old obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can shew me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this, I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you, that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant and Platonical statesman, a theoretical commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Were ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's Politics, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel: and let us see then which of you two will come to the greatest preferment. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue (as sure I am it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is

the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it?) if that (I say) be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only, means of attaining of it:

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,
That to the first-born man it did appear;
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,
By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain
That (though a brother) any one should be
A greater favourite to God than he?
He strook him down; and so (said he) so fell
The sheep, which thou didst sacrifice so well.
Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blasted in the offering,
Lest God should my next victim too despise,
The acceptable priest I 'll sacrifice.
Hence, coward fears; for the first blood so spilt,
As a reward he the first city built.
'T was a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 't was pity there he staid;
One step of glory more he should have made,
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;
Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone.
One brother's death, what do I mean to name,
A small oblation to revenge and fame?

The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew
What for high place a higher spirit can do,
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his royal purple pride.
Why do I name the lordly creature man?
The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,
When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,
All that oppose with manlike courage slay.
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,
And with his life her dearer greatness, gone,
With a majestick fury slaughter'd all
Whom high-birth might to high pretences call:
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;
A noble and a bold contention, she
(One woman) undertook with destiny.
She to pluck down, destiny to uphold
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)
The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne;
Till 't was at last an equal wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.
Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;
Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?
Seven royal years t' a publick spirit will seem
More than the private life of a Methusalem.
'T is godlike to be great; and, as they say,
A thousand years to God are but a day,

So to a man, when once a crown he wears,
The coronation-day 's more than a thousand years."

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that by God's grace I became so bold as thus to interrupt him: "I understand now perfectly (which I guessed at long before) what kind of angel and protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended * since you were wont to deliver oracles, yet your doctrine is much worse than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish; whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party."

"My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate malignant; and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from

* This compliment was intended, not so much to the foregoing as to the following verses; of which the author had reason to be proud, but, as being delivered in his own person, could not so properly make the panegyrick. HURD.

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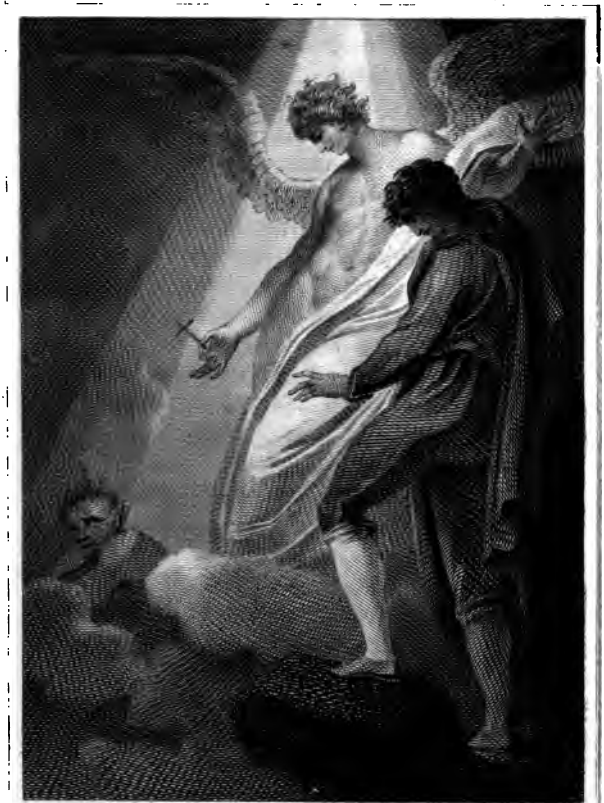
thence you know whither." I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey:

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,
A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,
So swift, and yet so gentle, was the flame.
Upon it rode (and, in his full career,
Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here)
The comeliest youth of all th' angelick race;
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
The frowns, with which he strook the trembling fiend,
All smiles of human beauty did transcend;
His beams of locks fell part dishevel'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natural crown,
Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear;
If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair.
His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven silver light:
Across his breast an azure ruban went,
At which a medal hung, that did present,
In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
The mystick champion's, and old dragon's, fight;
And from his mantle's side there shone afar
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)
No arms, but th' English bloody cross, he bore,
Which when he tow'rds th' affrighted tyrant bent,
And some few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,

Vol. III. p. 101. C. 3. G.t of O. Cromwell.



[illegible], could not, a[illegible]
Only, [illegible] perceiv[illegible]
He trembled, and he [illegible]
Mad to quit th[illegible] his more [illegible]
Such rage inflames [illegible]
(Rob[illegible] he thin[illegible]
Wh[illegible] unawares the [illegible]
The bleating lamb [illegible]
The shepherd fain [illegible]
[illegible] fear [illegible] hunger [illegible]
He knows his foe too [illegible]
He grins, [illegible] he looks [illegible]

Or were, could not, alas! by me be known,
Only, I well perceiv'd, Jesus was one),
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes
(Robb'd, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize)
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws:
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
But fear above his hunger does prevail,
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone;
He grins, as he looks back, and howls, as he goes on.

ESSAYS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

ESSAYS.

I.

OF LIBERTY.

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government: the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his countrey. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions, is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Now for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part to be

paid to him, as a small quit-rent, in acknowledgement of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he never gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth: but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery-up of themselves, as Thamar did with Judah; instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous; and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

Let us first consider the ambitious; and those, both in their progress to greatness, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what Sallust says, * "Dominationis in alios servitium suum mercedem dant:" They are content to pay so great a price as their own servitude, to purchase the domination over others. The first thing they must resolve to sacrifice, is their whole time; they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they

* Fragm. ed. Maittaire, p. 116.

are in the race of glory, no not like Atalanta for golden apples. Neither indeed can a man stop himself if he would, when he is in this career:

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas *.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean, servile things men do for this imaginary food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, than from the chief men of that nation which boasted most of liberty. To what pitiful baseness did the noblest Romans submit themselves, for the obtaining of a prætorship, or the consular dignity! They put on the habit of suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in dirt, through all the tribes, to beg voices; they flattered the poorest artisans; and carried a nomenclator with them, to whisper in their ear every man's name, lest they should mistake it in their salutations; they shook the hand, and kissed the cheek, of every popular tradesman; they stood all day at every market in the publick places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the rout; they employed all their friends to solicit for them; they kept open tables in every street; they distributed wine, and bread, and money, even to the vilest of the people. "En Romanos rerum dominos †!" Behold the masters of the world begging from door to door! This particular humble way of greatness is now out

* Virg. Georg. i. 514. † Virg. Æn. i. 282.

of fashion; but yet every ambitious person is still in some sort a Roman candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many beasts, though not the beast with many heads. Catiline, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less power than Sylla's, was yet so humble, for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all servants; to be a publick bawd, to provide whores, and something worse, for all the young gentlemen of Rome, whose hot lusts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make use of. And, since I happen here to propose Catiline for my instance (though there be thousand of examples for the same thing), give me leave to transcribe the character which Cicero * gives of this noble slave, because it is a general description of all ambitious men, and which Machiavel perhaps would say ought to be the rule of their life and actions:

"This man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and strokes, that looked like the beauty of great virtues; his intimate conversation was with the worst of men, and yet he seemed to be an admirer and lover of the best; he was furnished with all the nets of lust and luxury, and yet wanted not the arms of labour and industry: neither do I believe that there was ever any monster of nature composed out of so many different and disagreeing parts. Who more accept-

* Orat. pro M. Cælio.

able, sometimes, to the most honourable persons; who more a favourite to the most infamous? who, sometimes, appeared a braver champion; who, at other times, a bolder enemy to his countrey? who more dissolute in his pleasures; who more patient in his toils? who more rapacious in robbing; who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindness of all sorts of men, to retain it with great complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the occasions of their fortune, both with his money, and his interest, and his industry; and, if need were, not by sticking at any wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own nature, and laveer with every wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature—as he had made a collection of friendships with all the most wicked and restless of all nations; so, by the artificial simulation of some virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent persons into his familiarity. Neither could so vast a design as the destruction of this empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of so many vices had not been covered and disguised by the appearances of some excellent qualities."

I see, methinks, the character of an Anti-Paul, "who became all things to all men," that he might destroy all; who only wanted the assistance of fortune, to have been as great as his friend Cæsar was a little after him. And the ways of Cæsar to compass the same ends (I mean till the civil war, which was but another manner of setting his countrey on fire) were not unlike these, though he used afterward his unjust dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. Sallust therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such-like gentlemen of his time, says *, "that it is the nature of ambition to make men lyars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths: to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest; and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will." And can there be freedom with this perpetual constraint? what is it but a kind of rack that forces men to say what they have no mind to?

I have wondered at the extravagant and barbarous stratagem of Zopirus, and more at the praises which I find of so deformed an action; who, though he was one of the seven grandees of Persia, and the son of Megabises, who had freed before his countrey from an ignoble servitude, slit his own nose and lips, cut off his own ears, scourged and wound-

* De Bell. Catil. c. x.

ed his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by Darius, be received into Babylon (then besieged by the Persians), and get into the command of it by the recommendation of so cruel a sufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the Babylonians suspected not his falsehood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the design succeeded; he betrayed the city, and was made governor of it. What brutish master ever punished his offending slave with so little mercy, as ambition did this Zopirus? and yet how many are there, in all nations, who imitate him, in some degree, for a less reward; who, though they endure not so much corporal pain for a small preferment or some honour (as they call it), yet stick not to commit actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatized! But you may say, Though these be the most ordinary and open ways to greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden paths too, through which some men find a passage by virtuous industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then, that industry must be such, as cannot consist with liberty, though it may with honesty.

Thou art careful, frugal, painful; we commend a servant so, but not a friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this ascent; but we are epicures and lords when once

we are gotten up into the high places. This is but a short apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a royal company. If we fall in love with any beauteous woman, we must be content that they should be our mistresses whilst we woo them; as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, it is we shall be the masters.

I am willing to stick to this similitude in the case of greatness: we enter into the bonds of it, like those of matrimony; we are bewitched with the outward and painted beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true nature and interior inconveniences. A great fortune (says Seneca) is a great servitude; but many are of that opinion which Brutus imputes (I hope, untruly*) even to that patron of liberty, his friend Cicero: "We fear (says he to Atticus) death, and banishment, and poverty, a great deal too much. Cicero, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of evils; and, if he have but some persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable in so base and contumelious a condition." This was spoken as became the bravest man who was ever born in the bravest commonwealth. But with us generally, no condi-

* This parenthesis does honour to the writer's sense, as well as candour. HURD.

tion passes for servitude, that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for, if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince; the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants one as the other; the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he was born. But this dependence upon superiors is but one chain of the lovers of power:

Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ *.

Let us begin with him by break of day: for by that time he is besieged by two or three hundred suitors; and the hall and antichambers (all the outworks) possessed by the enemy: as soon as his

* Hor. 3 Od. iv. 79.

chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the guards, for entrance. This is so essential a part of greatness, that whosoever is without it looks like a fallen favourite, like a person disgraced, and condemned to do what he pleases all the morning. There are some who, rather than want this, are contented to have their rooms filled up every day with murmuring and cursing creditors, and to charge bravely through a body of them to get to their coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst duty, that of any one particular person who waits to speak with the great man, or the great man's, who waits every day to speak with all company.

Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, & circa saliunt latus* —

a hundred businesses of other men (many unjust, and most impertinent) fly continually about his head and ears, and strike him in the face like Dorres. Let us contemplate him a little at another special scene of glory, and that is his table. Here he seems to be the lord of all nature: the earth affords him her best metals for his dishes, her best vegetables and animals for his food; the air and sea supply him with their choicest birds and fishes; and a great many men, who look like masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even

* Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 34.

all this is but *table d'hoste;* it is crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many parasites and some spies, with the most burthensome sort of guests, the endeavourers to be witty.

But every body pays him great respect; every body commends his meat, that is, his money; every body admires the exquisite dressing and ordering of it, that is, his clerk of the kitchen, or his cook; every body loves his hospitality, that is, his vanity. But I desire to know why the honest inn-keeper, who provides a publick table for his profit, should be but of a mean profession; and he, who does it for his honour, a munificent prince. You will say, Because one sells, and the other gives: nay, both sell, though for different things; the one for plain money, the other for I know not what jewels, whose value is in custom and in fancy. If then his table be made "a snare (as the Scripture * speaks) to his liberty," where can he hope for freedom? There is always, and every-where some restraint upon him. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and, if the person be *pan huper sebastus,* there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the

* Ps. lxix. 22.

very gate: as if there were such rules set to these Leviathans, as are to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further *."

Perditur hæc inter misero lux †,

Thus wretchedly the precious day is lost.

How many impertinent letters and visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently! He never sets his foot beyond his threshold, unless, like a funeral, he have a train to follow him; as if, like the dead corpse, he could not stir till the bearers were all ready. "My life (says Horace, speaking to one of these magnificos) is a great deal more easy and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the market, and cheapen what I please, without being wondered at; and take my horse and ride as far as Tarentum, without being missed." It is an unpleasant constraint to be always under the sight and observation and censure of others; as there may be vanity in it, so methinks there should be vexation, too, of spirit: and I wonder how princes can endure to have two or three hundred men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at dinner, and taking notice of every bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of domestick servants; but even this too, if

* Job xxxviii. 11. † Hor. 2 Sat. vi. 59.

weighed seriously, is a piece of servitude: unless you will be a servant to them (as many men are), the trouble and care of yours in the government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their observance of you. I take the profession of a school-master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a commonwealth; yet certainly all his fasces and tyrannical authority over so many boys takes away his own liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these particulars of the slavery of greatness: I shake but a few of their outward chains; their anger, hatred, jealousy, fear, envy, grief, and all the *et cætera* of their passions, which are the secret, but constant, tyrants and torturers of their life, I omit here, because, though they be symptoms most frequent and violent in this disease, yet they are common too in some degree to the epidemical disease of life itself.

But the ambitious man, though he be so many ways a slave *(o toties servus!)* yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he struts and looks big upon the stage; he thinks himself a real prince in his masking-habit, and deceives too all the foolish part of his spectators: he is a slave *in saturnalibus.* The covetous man is a downright servant, a draught-horse without bells or feathers: *ad metalla damnatus;* a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows

not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them *;" it is only sure, that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board-wages:

Unciatim vix de demenso suo,
Suum defraudans genium, comparsit miser †;

He defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight, as well as judgment.

It seems a more difficult work to prove that the voluptuous man too is but a servant: what can be more the life of a freeman, or, as we say ordinarily, of a gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleasures? Why, I will tell you who is that true freeman, and that true gentleman; not he who blindly follows all his pleasures (the very name of *follower* is servile); but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindered by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to restrain the beast that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet, in the truth of the matter, I am at that time rather his man, than

* Ps. xxxix. 6.
† Phorm. Act. I. Sc. i. ver. 43.

he my horse. The voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the lustful and luxurious, who are both servants of the belly; the other, whom we spoke of before, the ambitious and the covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, *evil wild beasts*; these are γαστέρες ἀργαὶ, *slow bellies*, as our translation renders it, but the word ἀργαὶ (which is a fantastical word, with two directly opposite significations) will bear as well the translation of *quick* or *diligent bellies*; and both interpretations may be applied to these men. Metrodorus said, "that he had learnt ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his belly just thanks for all his pleasures." This, by the calumniators of Epicurus's philosophy, was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their sayings; which, according to my charitable understanding, may admit a very virtuous sense, which is, that he thanked his own belly for that moderation, in the customary appetites of it, which can only give a man liberty and happiness in this world. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great triumviri of the world; the covetous man, who is a mean villain, like Lepidus; the ambitious, who is a brave one, like Octavius; and the voluptuous, who is a loose and debauched one, like Mark Antony:

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens sibíque imperiosus *:

* Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 83.

Not Oenomaus *, who commits himself wholly to a charioteer, that may break his neck; but the man

Who governs his own course with steady hand;
Who does himself with sovereign power command;
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright;
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light
Against the truth; who can, when pleasures knock
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock;
Who can, though honour at his gate should stay
In all her masking clothes, send her away,
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play.

This, I confess, is a freeman: but it may be said, that many persons are so shackled by their fortune, that they are hindered from enjoyment of that manumission which they have obtained from virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel, the weight of this objection: all I can answer to it is, that we must get as much liberty as we can, we must use our utmost endeavours, and, when all that is done, be contented with the length of that line which is allowed us. If you ask me, in what condition of life I think the most allowed; I should pitch upon that sort of people, whom king James was wont to call the happiest of our nation, the men placed in the country by their fortune above

* Virg. Georg. iii. 7.

an high constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a justice of peace; in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations; and with so much knowledge and love of piety and philosophy (that is, of the study of God's laws, and of his creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be idle, though without business; and never to be melancholy, though without sin or vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious discourse with a prayer of mine in a copy of Latin verses, of which I remember no other part; and *(pour faire bonne bouche)*, with some other verses upon the same subject:

" Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
" Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultrà
" Sollicitas effundo preces: si quid datur ultrà,
" Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo."

For the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me, (great God!) but bread and liberty,
I 'll beg no more: if more thou 'rt pleas'd to give,
I 'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I 'll thank for this, and go away content.

MARTIAL. LIB. I. EP. LVI.

"Vota tui breviter," &c.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetick friend.
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would Be no lord, but less a lord would Have;
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heaven because 't is small:
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please
He loves of homely littleness the ease.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man (ye gods!) I ought to hate,
Dependance and attendance be his fate;
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud:
Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I 'll allow:
But let him peace and freedom never see;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me!

MARTIAL. LIB. II. EP. LIII.

" Vis fieri liber?" &c.

WOULD you be free? 'T is your chief wish, you say;
Come on; I 'll shew thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
While bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;—
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

MARTIAL. LIB. II. EP. LXVIII.

" Quod te nomine," &c.

THAT I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who " Lord and master," cry'd erewhile,
Salute you, in a new and different style,
By your own name, a scandal to you now;
Think not that I forget myself or you:

By loss of all things, by all others sought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and master no man wants, but he
Who o'er himself has no authority;
Who does for honours and for riches strive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.
If thou from fortune dost no servant crave,
Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
To the laborious task of bread;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency;

And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
As, when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly:
Nor will the master even to share admit;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'T is morning: well; I fain would yet sleep on.
You cannot now; you must be gone
To court, or to the noisy hall:
Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty:
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a freedom always given!

Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
When and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment, come.
Now, blessings on you all, ye heroick race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell!
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given;
And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a-year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human lordship does control;

Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He 's no small prince, who every day
Thus to himself can say:
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will presently go ride
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor, after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,
Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule, and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so
A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.

Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand:
The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive, does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

If life should a well-order'd poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight),
The more heroick strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick way I 'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence
Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the sense;
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
Nor seek transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compass take,

As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide air's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcase he devour,
That 's fallen into its power:
As if his generous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood;
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

II.

OF SOLITUDE.

"NUNQUAM minus solus, quam cum solus," is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning, no doubt, was this, that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it, by solitude than by company; and, to shew that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of

almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house, in the middle of a wood, near Linternum *, passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration; and, among other things, describes his baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, " Poor Scipio understood not how to live." What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal, if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montaigne, " that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude; there is nothing does so much hate to have companions." It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side; but it delights above all things in a train behind, aye, and ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that, if they chance at any time to be without company, they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature, that men should love themselves

* Seneca, Epist. lxxxvi.

above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate and burthensome to them. "Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens," they would live and die with her alone.

"Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
"Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede.
"Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
"Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis *."

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has press'd.
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind, as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour †.

"Odi, & amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
"Nescio; sed fieri sentio, & excrucior."

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;

* 4 Tibull. xiii. 9. † De amore suo, lxxxiii.

Only that so it is I know;
And feel with torment that 't is so.

It is a deplorable condition this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or passions, a man had better be in a fair, than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, in the midst of company; but, like robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sowed into a bag, with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

The first work therefore that a man must do, to make himself capable of the good of solitude, is, the very eradication of all lusts; for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself, while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well-speaking, depends

upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a God from a wild beast. Now, because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon, it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve, without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

" O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis * !"

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The first minister of state has not so much business in publick, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature, under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, " that a man does not know how to pass his time." It would have been but ill-spoken by Methusalem in the nine hundred sixty-ninth year of his life; so far it is from us, who have not

* O vita, misero longa, felici brevis !"

time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this, you will say, is work only for the learned; others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from letters. I know they are not,; and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But, if any man be so unlearned, as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time: either musick, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and, if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately), that will over-do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

" — O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
" Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ * !"

* Virg. Georg. ii. 489.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetick birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat;
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect;
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there;
On whose enamel'd bank I 'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He 'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human kind!
Which bless'd remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and time th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

III.

OF OBSCURITY.

" NAM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
" Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit *."

God made not pleasures only for the rich;
Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,
Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

This seems a strange sentence, thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can deceive the

* Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 9.

world?); whereas it is in commendation of those who live and die so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This Horace calls deceiving the world; and in another place uses the same phrase *,

"— Secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ."

The secret tracks of the deceiving life.

It is very elegant in Latin, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sense; and therefore Mr. Broom translates it very well—

Or from a life, led, as it were, by stealth.

Yet we say in our language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived; and we may say well enough, out of the same author †,

Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine, we strive
The cares of life and troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive ourselves, as Quintilian says ‡, "vitam fallere," to draw on still, and amuse, and deceive, our life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal period, and

* Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103. † 2 Sat. vii. 114.
‡ Declam. de Apib.

fall into that pit which nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that most vulgar saying, "Bene qui latuit, bene vixit," He has lived well, who has lain well hidden; which, if it be a truth, the world (I will swear) is sufficiently deceived: for my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of life is *in incognito*. What a brave privilege is it, to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know any body. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself,

A vail of thicken'd air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd *.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run

* Virg. Æn. i. 415.

faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good-fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or, "This is that Incitatus," when

they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good-fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man, whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniencies of old-age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "muta persona," I take to

have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise, nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

" Stet quicumque volet potens," &c.

UPON the slippery tops of human state,
The gilded pinnacles of fate,
Let others proudly stand, and, for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With joy, and with disdain, look down on all,
Till their heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye gods, on earth, or else so near
That I no fall to earth may fear,
And, O ye gods, at a good distance seat
From the long ruins of the great.
Here, wrapt in th' arms of quiet, let me lie;
Quiet, companion of obscurity!
Here let my life with as much silence slide,
As time, that measures it, does glide.
Nor let the breath of infamy, or fame,
From town to town echo about my name,
Nor let my homely death embroider'd be
With scutcheon or with elegy.
An old plebeian let me die,
Alas! all then are such as well as I.

To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear;
Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he 's to go.

IV.

OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers, and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet: he made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer—

"O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit!"

To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a

retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.

But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility, of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make, are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella* calls it, "Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi consanguinea sapientiæ," the nearest neighbour, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy. Varro says, the principles of it are the same which Ennius made to be the principles of all nature, Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of philosophy than any one profession, art, or science, in the world besides; and therefore Cicero says†, the pleasures of a husbandman, "mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere," come very nigh to those of a philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a panegyrist: The utility of it to a man's self; the usefulness, or rather necessity, of it to all the rest of mankind; the innocence, the pleasure, the antiquity, the dignity.

The Utility (I mean plainly the lucre of it) is not so great, now in our nation, as arises from merchandise and the trading of the city, from whence many of the best estates and chief honours of the kingdom

* Lib. i. c. i. † De Senect.

are derived: we have no men now fetched from the plough to be made lords, as they were in Rome to be made consuls and dictators; the reason of which I conceive to be from an evil custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a law, which is, that no men put their children to be bred-up apprentices in agriculture, as in other trades, but such who are so poor, that, when they come to be men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of ground, the rent of which devours all but the bare subsistence of the tenant: whilst they who are proprietors of the land are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of education, too ignorant, to improve their estates, though the means of doing it be as easy and certain in this, as in any other track of commerce. If there were always two or three thousand youths, for seven or eight years, bound to this profession, that they might learn the whole art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be masters in it, by a moderate stock; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many aldermen's estates made in the country, as now we do out of all kinds of merchandising in the city. There are as many ways to be rich, and, which is better, there is no possibility to be poor, without such negligence as can neither have excuse nor pity; for a little ground will without question feed a little family, and the superfluities of life (which are now in some cases by custom made almost necessary) must be supplied out of the superabundance of art

and industry, or contemned by as great a degree of philosophy.

As for the Necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved: the others like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for most of their materials.

The Innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth: their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace; in our late

mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years ruin of his country, as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men, not to take them here, where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chace so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here is harmless and cheap plenty; there guilty and expenceful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is,

the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering of some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding: to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good:

"—Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; ipsi
"Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus*."

On his heart-strings a secret joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first men in the world, were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus† forbids us to hate husbandry; "because," says he, "the Most High has created it." We are all born to this art, and taught by nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

Behold the original and primitive nobility of all

* Virg. Æn. i. 504, &c. † Chap. vii. 15.

those great persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles, in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but, if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

All these considerations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of Columella, how it should come to pass that all arts or sciences (for the dispute, which is an art, and which a science, does not belong to the curiosity of us husbandmen), metaphysick, physick, morality, mathematicks, logick, rhetorick, &c. which are all, I grant, good and useful faculties (except only metaphysick, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no), but even vaulting, fencing, dancing, attiring, cookery, carving, and such-like vanities, should all have publick schools and masters; and yet that we should never see or hear of any man, who took upon him the profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary art.

A man would think, when he is in serious humour, that it were but a vain, irrational, and ridiculous thing for a great company of men and women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred several postures and figures, to no purpose, and with no design; and therefore dancing was invented first, and only practised anciently, in the ceremonies of the heathen religion, which con-

sisted all in mommery and madness; the latter being the chief glory of the worship, and accounted divine inspiration: this, I say, a severe man would think; though I dare not determine so far against so customary a part, now, of good-breeding. And yet, who is there among our gentry, that does not entertain a dancing-master for his children, as soon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any father provide a tutor for his son, to instruct him betimes in the nature and improvements of that land which he intended to leave him? That is at least a superfluity, and this a defect, in our manner of education; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one college in each university were erected, and appropriated to this study, as well as there are to medicine and the civil law: there would be no need of making a body of scholars and fellows, with certain endowments, as in other colleges; it would suffice, if, after the manner of halls in Oxford, there were only four professors constituted (for it would be too much work for only one master, or principal, as they call him there) to teach these four parts of it: First, Aration, and all things relating to it. Secondly, Pasturage. Thirdly, Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards, and Woods. Fourthly, all parts of Rural Oeconomy; which would contain the government of Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c. and all that which Varro calls "villaticas pastiones," together with the sports of the field (which ought to be looked

upon not only as pleasures, but as parts of house-keeping), and the domestical conservation and uses of all that is brought in by industry abroad. The business of these professors should not be, as is commonly practised in other arts, only to read pompous and superficial lectures, out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, or Columella; but to instruct their pupils in the whole method and course of this study, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual succession of scholars, upon a moderate taxation for their diet, lodging, and learning, would be a sufficient constant revenue for maintenance of the house and the professors, who should be men not chosen for the ostentation of critical literature, but for solid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach; such men, so industrious and public-spirited, as I conceive Mr. Hartlib* to be, if the gentleman be yet alive: but it is needless to speak further of my thoughts of this design, unless the present disposition of the age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have further to say of the country life, shall be borrowed from the poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the shepherds.

* A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his "Tractate on Education." HURD.

" Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine Musas
" Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui *."

The Muses still love their own native place;
'T has secret charms, which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a crowd, as to make good verses in the midst of noise and tumult.

As well might corn, as verse, in cities grow;
In vain the thankless glebe we plow and sow:
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive;
'T is not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the nettles or thorns of satire, which grow most naturally in the worst earth; and therefore almost all poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the grand world,

— pariter vitiísque jocísque
Altius humanis exeruere caput †,

into the innocent happiness of a retired life; but

* Ovid. 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35. † Ovid. Fast. i. 300.

have commended and adorned nothing so much by their ever-living poems. Hesiod was the first or second poet in the world that remains yet extant (if Homer, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were contemporaries); and he is the first writer too of the art of husbandry: "he has contributed (says Columella) not a little to our profession;" I suppose, he means not a little honour, for the matter of his instructions is not very important; his great antiquity is visible through the gravity and simplicity of his style. The most acute of all his sayings concerns our purpose very much, and is couched in the reverend obscurity of an oracle. Πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς, The half is more than the whole. The occasion of the speech is this: his brother Perseus had, by corrupting some great men (βασιλῆας δωροφάγους, great bribe-eaters he calls them), gotten from him the half of his estate. It is no matter (says he); they have not done me so much prejudice as they imagine:

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν, κ. τ. λ.

Unhappy they, to whom God has not reveal'd,
By a strong light which must their sense control,
That half a great estate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest Hesiod's meaning. From Homer we must not expect much.

concerning our affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the country, nor enjoy the pleasures of it; his helpless poverty was likeliest to be sustained in the richest places; he was to delight the Grecians with fine tales of the wars, and adventures of their ancestors; his subject removed him from all commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to shew his good-will a little. For, though he could do us no honour in the person of his hero Ulysses (much less of Achilles), because his whole time was consumed in wars and voyages; yet he makes his father Laërtes a gardener all that while, and seeking his consolation for the absence of his son in the pleasure of planting and even dunging his own grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us peasants; nay, so far was he from that insolence, that he always styles Eumæus, who kept the hogs, with wonderful respect, δῖον ὑφήνορα, the divine swineherd: he could have done no more for Menelaus or Agamemnon. And Theocritus (a very ancient poet, but he was one of our own tribe, for he wrote nothing but pastorals) gave the same epithet to an husbandman,

—— ἀμείβετο δῖος ἀγρώτης *,

The divine husbandman replied to Hercules, who was but δῖος himself. These were civil Greeks, and who understood the dignity of our calling! Among

* Idyll. xxv. ver. 51.

the Romans we have, in the first place, our truly-divine Virgil, who, though by the favour of Mæcenas and Augustus he might have been one of the chief men of Rome, yet chose rather to employ much of his time in the exercise, and much of his immortal wit in the praise and instructions of a rustick life; who, though he had written before whole books of pastorals and georgicks, could not abstain in his great and imperial poem from describing Evander, one of his best princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary countryman. He seats him in a throne of maple, and lays him but upon a bear's-skin; the kine and oxen ate lowing in his court-yard; the birds under the eaves of his window call him up in the morning; and when he goes abroad, only two dogs go along with him for his guard: at last, when he brings Æneas into his royal cottage, he makes him say this memorable compliment, greater than ever yet was spoken at the Escurial, the Louvre, or our Whitehall:

—— " Hæc (inquit) limina victor
" Alcides subiit, hæc illum regia cepit:
" Aude, hospes, contemnere opes: & te quoque dig-
" num
" Finge Deo, rebúsque veni non asper egenis*."

This humble roof, this rustick court (said he),
Receiv'd Alcides, crown'd with victory:

* Virg. Æn. viii. 365.

Scorn not, great guest, the steps where he has trod;
But contemn wealth, and imitate a God.

The next man, whom we are much obliged to, both for his doctrine and example, is the next best poet in the world to Virgil, his dear friend Horace; who, when Augustus had desired Mæcenas to persuade him to come and live domestically and at the same table with him, and to be secretary of state of the whole world under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, "ut nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvet," could not be tempted to forsake his Sabin, or Tiburtin manor, for so rich and so glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, such an example as this in the world, that he should have so much moderation and courage as to refuse an offer of such greatness, and the emperor so much generosity and good-nature as not to be at all offended with his refusal, but to retain still the same kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the passages of this excellent author upon the several subjects which I treat of in this book, I must be obliged to translate half his works; of which I may say more truly than in my opinion he did of Homer;

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planiùs & meliùs Chrysippo & Crantore dicit*.

* 1 Ep. ii. 3.

I shall content myself upon this particular theme with three only, one out of his Odes, the other out of his Satires, the third out of his Epistles; and shall forbear to collect the suffrages of all other poets, which may be found scattered up and down through all their writings, and especially in Martial's. But I must not omit to make some excuse for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful pencil upon the beauties of a face that has been drawn before by so many great masters; especially, that I should dare to do it in Latin verses (though of another kind), and have the confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

A TRANSLATION OUT OF VIRGIL.

Georg. Lib. II. 458.

OH happy (if his happiness he knows)
The country swain, on whom kind Heaven bestows
At home all riches, that wise nature needs;
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds!
'T is true, no morning tide of clients comes,
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,
In tapestry wrought, or cut in living brass;

Nor is his wool superfluously dy'd
With the dear poison of Assyrian pride:
Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil
The native use and sweetness of his oil.
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,
Free from th' alarms of fear, and storms of strife,
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round:
Through artless grots the murmuring waters glide;
Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,
From whence the birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing herds and bleating sheep does sound;
And all the rivers, and the forests nigh,
Both food and game, and exercise, supply.
Here a well-harden'd, active youth we see,
Taught the great art of cheerful poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of love, both human and divine;
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.
'T is true, the first desire, which does control
All the inferior wheels that move my soul,
Is, that the Muse me her high-priest would make,
Into her holiest scenes of mystery take,
And open there, to my mind's purged eye,
Those wonders which to sense the gods deny:
How in the moon such change of shapes is found,
The moon, the changing world's eternal bound;
What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease;

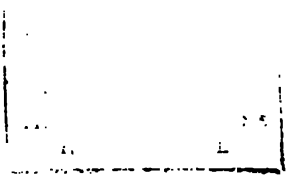
What makes the sea retreat, and what advance
" (Varieties too regular for chance);"
What drives the chariot on of winter's light,
And stops the lazy waggon of the night.
But, if my dull and frozen blood deny
To send forth spirits, that raise a soul so high,
In the next place, let woods and rivers be
My quiet, though inglorious, destiny.
In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid;
Cover me, gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy, he,
Who can through gross effects their causes see;
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go
Through all th' alarms of death and hell below.
Happy! but, next such conquerors, happy they,
Whose humble life lies not in fortune's way.
They unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,
Behold the rods and sceptres of the great;
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of foreign troops, they hear;
Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,
With all the lustre of her perishing pride.
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw
Into the noisy markets of the law,
The camps of gowned war; nor do they live
By rules or forms, that many madmen give.
Duty for nature's bounty they repay,
And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plow the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain:
Some swell up their slight sails with popular fame,
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit:
Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;
No price too high for profit can be shown;
Not brothers' blood, nor hazards of their own:
Around the world in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their antipodes their home;
Meanwhile, the prudent husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth yield;
This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field;
All sorts of fruit crown the rich autumn's pride:
And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,
The powerful princely purple of the vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine.
In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play:
And loaded kine about his cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the milker's hand;
And when from wholesome labour he doth come,
With wishes to be there, and wish'd-for home,

He meets at door the softest human blisses,
His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.
When any rural holidays invite
His genius forth to innocent delight,
On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee, Bacchus, patron of the vine;
The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,
Not to the loss of reason, or of strength:
To active games and manly sport, at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see
Who can the best at better trials be.
From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose;
Such was the life the prudent Sabins chose:
Such, Remus, and the god, his brother, led;
From such firm footing Rome grew the world's head.
Such was the life that, ev'n till now, does raise
The honour of poor Saturn's golden days:
Before men, born of earth, and buried there,
Let-in the sea their mortal fate to share:
Before new ways of perishing were sought;
Before unskilful death on anvils wrought;
Before those beasts, which human life sustain,
By men, unless to the gods' use, were slain.

HOR. EPOD. ODE II.

HAPPY the man, whom bounteous gods allow
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough!
Like the first golden mortals happy, he,
From business and the cares of money free!
No human storms break off at land his sleep;
No loud alarms of Nature, on the deep:
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.
Sometimes the beauteous, marriageable vine
He to the lusty bridegroom elm does join;
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he
Stores up the golden treasures of the bee.
He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
Whilst neighbouring hills low back to them again;
And when the season, rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display,
How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see
Of his well-trusted labours bend the tree!
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays.
With how much joy does he, beneath some shade
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,
His careless head on the fresh green recline,
His head uncharg'd with fear or with design!



By him a river constantly complains,
The birds above rejoice with various strains,
And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,
Like dreams, mix'd with the gravity of sleep;
Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,
And nought within against it shuts the gate.
Nor does the roughest season of the sky,
Or sullen Jove, all sports to him deny.
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,
He drives into a toil the foaming boar;
Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net
To intercept, the travailing fowl, is set;
And all his malice, all his craft, is shown
In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee, the great one, tyrant Love, from thee;
And, if a chaste and clean, though homely, wife
Be added to the blessings of this life,—
Such as the ancient sun-burnt Sabins were,
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,—
Who makes her children and the house her care,
And joyfully the work of life does share,
Nor thinks herself too noble or too fine
To pin the sheepfold or to milk the kine;
Who waits at door against her husband come
From rural duties, late and wearied, home,
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face;

And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,
And with domestick plenty loads the board;
Not all the lustful shell-fish of the sea,
Dress'd by the wanton hand of luxury,
Not ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest
Of costly names that glorify a feast,
Are at the princely tables better cheer,
Than lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A Paraphrase upon Horace, Book II. Sat. vi.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial country mouse;
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted, there,
For a day's lodging: the good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite:
Fitches, and beans, peason and oats, and wheat,
And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat.

And, for a *haut goust*, there was mix'd with these
The swerd of bacon, and the coat of cheese:
The precious reliques which, at harvest, he
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare;
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at ease, on beds of straw, they lay,
And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind
(Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)
Despis'd this country feast; and still his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (said he),
Which I 'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
Shew that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why should a soul, so virtuous and so great,
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
You should see towns, and manners know and men;
And taste the generous luxury of the court,
Where all the mice of quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous shes about you move,
And, by high fare, are pliant made to love.
We all, ere long, must render up our breath;
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
Since life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let 's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy sir, come with me and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
T' oppose bright honour, and soft pleasure's charms:
What wisdom can their magick force repel?
It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
" That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
" She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
" And drew the modest curtains of the night."
Plainly the truth to tell, the sun was set,
When to the town our wearied travellers get:
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 't is, sir, your command, and being so,
I 'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a hanging, in a spacious room
(The richest work of Mortlacke's noble loom)
They wait a while, their wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
" About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
" Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night;"
At last, the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.

The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are bless'd.
Th' industrious peasant every-where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pye,
They both at last glutted and wanton lie;
When, see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait!
With hideous noise down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fullness which retards their flight.
Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again;
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
This, of all lives (said he), is sure the worst:
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood!
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food!

HORACE TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

A Paraphrase upon the Tenth Epistle of the First Book of Horace.

HEALTH from the lover of the country, me,
Health to the lover of the city, thee;
A difference in our souls, this only proves;
In all things else, we agree like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dovehouse thou
Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,

And rivers drink, and all the shining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with heaven admire;
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect;
She 'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat:
Is there a place doth better helps supply
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty?
Is there an air that gentlier does assuage
The mad celestial dog's, or lion's, rage?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,
Than that which nature strains into a spring?
Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show
More beauties than in herbs and flowers do grow?
Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces,
And in your towns that prospect gives delight,
Which opens round the country to our sight.
Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,
Return at last; and their wild luxury
Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
Which nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,

Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
Than he who sells a solid good to buy
The painted goods of pride and vanity.
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
Which 't is but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
The horned deer, by nature arm'd so well,
Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;
And, when they fought, the field it always wan,
Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain:
But never after could the rider get
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T' avoid that weight, a greater burthen bear;
That they might power above their equals have,
To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
For gold, their liberty exchang'd we see,
That fairest flower which crowns humanity *.

* The poet, as usual, expresses his own *feeling*: but he does more, he expresses it very classically. The allusion is to the ancient custom of wearing wreaths or garlands of flowers on any occasion of joy and festivity. HURD.

And all this mischief does upon them light,
Only, because they know not how, aright,
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
That 's laid up in a little, for the wise:
That is the best and easiest estate,
Which to a man sits close, but not too straight;
'T is like a shoe; it pinches and it burns,
Too narrow; and too large, it overturns.
My dearest friend! stop thy desires at last,
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast:
And, if me still seeking for more you see,
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil:
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Lib. IV. Plantarum.

BLESS'D be the man (and bless'd he is) whom e'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)
A little field, and little garden, feeds:
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniencies, that wait
Upon a life of business, and of state,

He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days;
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' ambassadors which the great emperor sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The reverend gardener hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft he stopp'd, in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs, Alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphick seat
Presum'd, to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's eye,
See'st thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be!
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?

Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs, was labouring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V.

THE GARDEN.

TO J. EVELYN, ESQ.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniencies joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole
and intire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

"Studiis florere ignobilis otî *:"

(though I could wish that he had rather said, "nobilis otî," when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my ill-fortune have disappointed me

* Virg. Georg. iv. 564.

hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business, and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from Sodom, but I am not yet arrived at my little Zoar. "O let me escape thither (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live." I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir (for this seems a little too extravagant and pindarical for prose), what I mean by all this preface: it is to let you know, that though I have missed, like a chemist, my great end, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the bye; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem; and thereby the honour of having my name so advantageously recommended to posterity, by the epistle you are pleased to prefix to the most useful book that has been written in that kind*, and which is to last as long as months and years.

* Mr. Evelyn's "Kalendarium Hortense;" dedicated to Mr. Cowley.—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. HURD.

Among many other arts and excellencies, which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favourite of mine the most predominant; that you choose this for your wife, though you have hundreds of other arts for your concubines; though you know them, and beget sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great legacies), yet the issue of this seems to be designed by you to the main of the estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestowed most charges upon its education: and I doubt not to see that book, which you are pleased to promise to the world, and of which you have given us a large earnest in your calendar, as accomplished, as any thing can be expected from an extraordinary wit, and no ordinary expences, and a long experience. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man, who makes his happiness more publick, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:

In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things, which thou well dost understand;
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.

For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabrick those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.
But well he knew, what place would best agree
With innocence, and with felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city
Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle, cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantick world does burn and sweat!
This does the lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the dog-star's thirst, assuage;
Every-where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free

Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of musick can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks, for their obliging pains:
'T is well if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow,
But to our plants, art's musick too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,
The trees danc'd round, and understood
By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he 's encompass'd round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep*
A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep,
She odorous herbs and flowers beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head.

* Virg. Æn. i. 693.

Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men, or women there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

When Epicurus to the world had taught,
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if rightly understood),
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:
Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon she would lose;
Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,

Yet still the fruits of earth we see
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met every-where her eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attir'd by nature's hand *.
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one that would not be so rich, though wiser far than he.

* Matth. vi. 29.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life, which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsick wealth,
The body's virtue, and the soul's good-fortune, health.
The tree of life, when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to heaven rear;
It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every-where:
It always here is freshest seen;
'T is only here an ever-green.
If, through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed, or without a guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride;
But 't is the country and the field,
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?

Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise):
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do, more than they,
The life of mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty nature be
More stor'd with beauty, power, and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine, [fine:
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does re-
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its bless'd state of Paradise before:
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?

And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he 's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice;
The golden fruit, that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss:
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear:
He bids the rustick plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refus'd Apollo's suit;
Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she 's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

. . . . . .

Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my friends (said he), should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'T is likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 't is, that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,

I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy fight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost
a god.

VI.

OF GREATNESS.

"SINCE we cannot attain to greatness (says the sieur de Montaigne), let us have our revenge by railing at it:" this he spoke but in jest. I believe he desired it no more than I do, and had less reason; for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent country, as allowed him all the real conveniencies of it, separated and purged from the incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestered from it, and made one of the principal officers of state. But the reader may think that what I now say is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be, put to the trial: I can therefore only make my protestation,

If ever I more riches did desire
Than cleanliness and quiet do require;
If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor-spirited fellow; but I am content, and, like Horace, thank God for being so.

Dî bene fecerunt, inopis me quódque pusilli
Finxerunt animi *.

I confess, I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and, if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and, therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestical beauty. I would neither wish that my mistress, nor my fortune, should be a *bona roba*, nor, as Homer uses to describe his beauties, like a daughter of great Jupiter for the stateliness and largeness of her person; but, as Lucretius says,

Parvula, pumilio, Χαρίτων μία, tota merum sal †.

* 1 Sat. iv. 17. † Lucr. iv. 1155.

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of Senecio's mind, whose ridiculous affectation of grandeur Seneca the elder * describes to this effect: Senecio was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humour grew at last into so notorious a habit, or rather disease, as became the sport of the whole town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows; no plate or household-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without raillery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears: he kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in chiopins, till, at last, he got the surname of Senecio Grandio, which, Messala said, was not his *cognomen*, but his *cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred Lacedæmonians, who alone opposed Xerxes's army of above three hundred thousand, he stretched out his arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; "I rejoice, I rejoice."—We wondered, I remember, what new great fortune had befallen his eminence. "Xerxes (says he) is all mine own. He, who took away the sight of the sea, with the canvas veils of so many

* Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11.

ships"—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the edition, or the orator's own burley way of nonsense.

This is the character that Seneca gives of this hyperbolical fop, whom we stand amazed at; and yet there are very few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees, *Grandios*. Is any thing more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, that all the ostentation of our grandees is, just like a train, of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it! I do believe there is no king, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his reign all the ceremonies of his coronation.

The mightiest princes are glad to fly often from these majestick pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them), as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of children. One of the most powerful and fortunate princes* of

* Louis XIII.—The duke de Luynes, the constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this *powerful and fortunate prince* by training up singing birds for him. ANON.

the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory as the keeping of little singing birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the emperors of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all human greatness (nay, that would not suffice, for they would be gods too), they certainly possessed it: and yet one of them, who styled himself lord and god of the earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his godship had been Beelzebub *. One of his predecessors, Nero (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his appetite), could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: this was one of his imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day was, to sing and play upon a fiddle, in the habit of a minstrel, upon the publick stage: he was prouder of the garlands that were given to his divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his forefathers were, of their triumphs over nations: he did not at his death complain, that so mighty an emperor, and the last of all the Cæsarean race of deities, should be brought to so shameful and mi-

* *Beelzebub* signifies the *Lord of flies*. COWLEY.

serable an end; but only cried out, "Alas! what pity it is, that so excellent a musician should perish in this manner*!" His uncle Claudius spent half his time at playing at dice; and that was the main fruit of his sovereignty. I omit the madnesses of Caligula's delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of Tiberius. Would one think that Augustus himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at nuts and bounding-stones, with little Syrian and Moorish boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?
Was it for this that his ambition strove
To equal Cæsar, first; and after, Jove?
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;
Her merchandise (I fear) is all in toys;
She could not else, sure, so uncivil be,
To treat his universal majesty,
His new-created Deity,
With nuts, and bounding-stones, and boys.

But we must excuse her for this meagre entertainment; she has not really wherewithal to make

* — "Qualis artifex pereo!" Sueton. *Nero.*

such feasts as we imagine. Her guests must be contented sometimes with but slender cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become nauseous. When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a-year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the master, though not for the taylor or valet-de-chambre: not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions), not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain or cascade-gardens; but herb, and flower, and fruit gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

If, for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: servitude, disquiet, danger, and most commonly guilt, inherent in the one;

in the other liberty, tranquillity, security, and innocence. And when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to you, before, but a ridiculous paradox, that a low fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If, indeed, we look only upon the flourishing head of the tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

"— sed quantum vertice ad auras
"Æthereas tantum radice in Tartara tendit *."

As far up towards heaven the branches grow,
So far the root sinks down to hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful thing is this! Unless it degenerate into avarice, and so cease to be greatness, it falls perpetually into such necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of borrowing, cozenage, and robbery:

Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex †.

This is the case of almost all great men, as well as of the poor king of Cappadocia: they abound with slaves, but are indigent of money. The ancient

* Virg. Georg. ii. 291. † Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 39.

Roman emperors, who had the riches of the whole world for their revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from the pressures of extreme poverty. But yet with most of them it was much otherwise; and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their provinces. This fashion of imperial grandeur is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their estates, two other thirds they must expend in vanity; so that they remain debtors for all the necessary provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of rapine: "As riches increase (says Solomon), so do the mouths that devour them *." The master mouth has no more than before. The owner, methinks, is like Ocnus in the fable, who is perpetually winding a rope of hay, and an ass at the end perpetually eating it.

Out of these inconveniencies arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself: still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its desires: but

* Eccl. v. 11.

yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Teneriff, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of tranquillity above the moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old giants, are said to have made an heroical attempt of scaling heaven in despite of the gods: and they cast Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa: two or three mountains more, they thought, would have done their business: but the thunder spoilt all the work, when they were come up to the third story:

> And what a noble plot was cross'd!
> And what a brave design was lost!

A famous person of their offspring, the late giant of our nation, when, from the condition of a very inconsiderable captain, he had made himself lieutenant-general of an army of little Titans, which was his first mountain, and afterwards general, which was his second, and after that, absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a king, and the old formality of a crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity,

and pined away for want of the title of an emperor or a god. The reason of this is, that greatness has no reality in nature, being a creature of the fancy, a notion that consists only in relation and comparison: it is indeed an idol; but St. Paul teaches us, "that an idol is nothing in the world." There is in truth no rising or meridian of the sun, but only in respect to several places: there is no right or left, no upper-hand in nature; every thing is little, and every thing is great, according as it is diversely compared. There may be perhaps some village in Scotland or Ireland, where I might be a great man: and in that case I should be like Cæsar (you would wonder how Cæsar and I should be like one another in any thing); and choose rather to be the first man of the village, than second at Rome. Our country is called Great Britany, in regard only of a lesser of the same name; it would be but a ridiculous epithet for it, when we consider it together with the kingdom of China. That, too, is but a pitiful rood of ground, in comparison of the whole earth besides: and this whole globe of earth, which we account so immense a body, is but one point or atom in relation to those numberless worlds that are scattered up and down in the infinite space of the sky which we behold.

The other many inconveniencies of grandeur have spoken of dispersedly in several chapters; and shall end this with an ode of Horace, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

HORACE, B. III. ODE I.

" Odi profanum vulgus, &c."

HENCE, ye profane! I hate you all;
Both the great vulgar, and the small.
To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness hold,
Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold
(That jaundice of the soul,
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul),
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;
The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by birth;
We look on kings as giants of the earth,
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and power,
Have their short flourishing hour:
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;
Ev'n so in the same land,
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;
Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
If ye your eyes could upwards move
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above),
Ye would perceive by what a little thread
The sword still hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or musick over-noise your fears:
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages:
"His poppy grows among the corn."
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'T is not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:
'T is not enough; he must find quiet too.

The man, who, in all wishes he does make,
Does only nature's counsel take,
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil aspects of the year;
Nor tremble, though two comets should appear:
He does not look in almanacks to see
Whether he fortunate shall be;
Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,

And what they please against the world design,
So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
What would content you? who can tell?
Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,
As if ye lik'd it well:
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
Go, level hills, and fill up seas,
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please;
But, trust me, when you have done all this,
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

VII.

OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice: the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury: the other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and insatiable desire of riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first

kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and, in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind; and a little good too, to some few: the second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions: the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people: the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories, and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction, than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

"Desunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia."

Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus,

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

Somebody * says of a virtuous and wise man, "that having nothing, he has all:" this is just his antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: "audivi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse." They are the fondest lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse!
The beggars but a common fate deplore,
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any law made against him: against him do I say? I mean, for him: as there are publick provisions made for all other madmen; it is very reasonable that the king should appoint some persons (and I think the courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his estate during his life (for his heirs commonly need not that care): and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel

* The author, well acquainted with the taste of his readers, would not disgust their delicacy by letting them know that this "somebody" was St. Paul, [2 Cor. vi. 10.]—though the sense and expression would have done honour to Plato. HURD.

fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of these really poor men, who are, methinks, to be respectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choked with the super-abundance of the matter; too much plenty impoverishes me, as it does them. I will conclude this odious subject with part of Horace's first satire, which take in his own familiar style:

I admire, Mæcenas, how it comes to pass,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier! one half-hour to thee
Gives speedy death, or glorious victory:
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest:
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth, which only talk does feed.
'T is not (I think you 'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at least a mile,
Beyond long orator Fabius's style.
But hold, ye, whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, malecontents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
Behold, Jove 's now resolved to please you all.

Thou soldier, be a merchant: merchant, thou
A soldier be: and, lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your stations straight: why do they stay?
The devil a man will change, now, when he may.
Were I in general Jove's abused case,
By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good; be all, then, as ye were;
However, make the best of what ye are,
And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be a while;
But 't is with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.
The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get;
But in his temperate mouth carries it home
A stock for winter, which he knows must come.
And, when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong-side of the year,
And shuts him in, with storms, and cold, and wet,
He cheerfully does his past labours eat:
O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,
Does not, at all times, rest and plenty want;
But, weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold;

To th' Indies thou wouldst run, rather than see
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treasure buried under ground?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou wouldst thyself, too, buried with them be:
And what 's the difference? is 't not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast barns millions of quarters store;
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Every baker makes much bread;
What then? He 's with no more, than others, fed.
Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not strive;
One hundred acres will no less for you
Your life's whole business, than ten thousand, do.
But pleasant 't is to take from a great store.
What, man! though you 're resolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a small one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To some great river for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
Give me the spring, which does to human use
Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce:
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile,
Must run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid stream itself, which may,
At unawares, bear him perhaps away.
In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within:

He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent slips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
'T is finely said, but what 's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy story,
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.
The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare:
But when they 're made thine own, they sacred are,
And must be kept with reverence; as if thou
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this,
To buy the things, which nature cannot miss
Without discomfort; oil and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live:
All that remains, is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief and fear,
The bitter fruits be, which fair riches bear;
If a new poverty grow out of store;
The old plain way, ye gods! let me be poor.

PARAPHRASE ON HORACE, B. III. ODE XVI.

A TOWER of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,

And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.
The jealous father thought he well might spare
All further jealous care;
And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And, when he slept, his rest was deep:
But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep.
She taught the amorous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his thunder did, and his almighty-ship, before.

She taught him love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert:
No guards did then his passage stay,
He pass'd with ease; gold was the word;
Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
Gold through doors and walls did pierce.
The prudent Macedonian king,
To blow up towns, a golden mine did spring.
He broke through gates with his petar;
'T is the great art of peace, the engine 't is of war;
And fleets and armies follow it afar:
The ensign 't is at land, and 't is the seaman's star.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,
Creature to this disguised deity,
Yet it shall never conquer me.
A guard of virtues will not let it pass,
And wisdom is a tower of stronger brass.
The Muses' laurel, round my temples spread,
Does from this lightning's force secure my head:
Nor will I lift it up so high,
As in the violent meteor's way to lie.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill-fate, and death, have more.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
The vast Xerxean army, I retreat,
And to the small Laconick forces fly,
Which holds the straits of poverty.
Cellars and granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous summer's store,
If the mind thirst and hunger still:
The poor rich man 's emphatically poor.
Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by nature understood.
The monarch, on whom fertile Nile bestows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himself, if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.

Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord;
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be,
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII.

THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap-à-pié*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat

and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges, against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation: but the case is much worse; for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

Do ye wonder that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts; a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good-nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of eloquence and philosophy,

that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: it is true, they have done so; they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another: they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures; they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren: they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war: they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice, but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind: though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men who praise philosophy from this topick, are much deceived: let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns, and founders of empire; they said, "Go to, let us build us a city

and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth *." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it, but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities: their actual, increase daily with their age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion; which becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no precepts can be sufficient preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the infected.

We ought, in the choice of a situation, to regard above all things the healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the mind, rather than for the body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had antidote enough against this poison; nay, suppose further, we were always and at all points armed and provided, both against the assaults of hostility, and the mines of treachery, it will yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in alarms: though we were compassed round with fire, to de-

* Gen. xi. 4.

fend ourselves from wild beasts, the lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our guard, than the diligences of our enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them; and that it is impossible to escape both these inconveniencies, without so much caution as will take away the whole quiet, that is the happiness, of his life.

Ye see then, what he may lose; but, I pray, what can he get there?

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio*.

What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand nor speak the language of the place; a naked man may swim in the sea, but it is not the way to catch fish there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no nets, and use no deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice, which Martial gave to Fabian, when he met him newly arrived at Rome:

Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought;
What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought?

* Juv. Sat. iii. 41.

Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,
Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy industry and sweat;
Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.
But you 're a man of learning, prudent, just;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
Why, you may stay and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all these were in the case, yet the very sight of uncleanness is loathsome to the cleanly; the sight of folly and impiety, vexatious to the wise and pious.

Lucretius*, by his favour, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm: and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bedlam, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancy of so many various madnesses; which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My

* Lucr. lib. ii.

compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them, more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that), that he had better strike into some private path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, "ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum;" that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? into the deserts, like the ancient hermits?

> — Quà terra patet, fera regnat Erinnys,
> In facinus jurâsse putes—*.

One would think that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all (as the scripture speaks) "sold themselves to sin:" the difference only is,

* Ovid. Metam. i. 241.

that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsea: but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-hall. I ask again, then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it; he must take heed, though, not to go a-whoring after it. If, by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice: "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they, that have wives, be as though they had none.—But I would that all men were even as I myself *."

In all cases, they must be sure, that they do *mun-*

* 1 Cor. vii. 29. 7.

dum ducere, and not *mundo nubere*. They must retain the superiority and headship over it: happy are they who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town in their country.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

De Sene Veronensi, qui suburbium nunquam egressus est.

" Felix, qui patriis," &c.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.

No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

IX.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

IF you should see a man, who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man,

who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniencies and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a straight betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*.

We are all ἐφήμεροι (as Pindar calls us), creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space; as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even bread for no longer a time. The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, no more than upon our anger; but as, to God Almighty, a thousand years are as one day, so, in direct opposition, one day to the covetous man is as a thousand years; "tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa," so far he shoots beyond his butt: one would think, he were of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth. The patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it; they, who lived nine hundred years, scarcely provided for a few days; we, who live but a few days, provide at least for nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners! and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience; for we begin not the

cares of life, till it be half spent, and still increase them, as that decreases.

What is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing, which seems to proceed from that which we call reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct: and are not we fools, too, by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to "number our days" (as we are taught to pray that we might), we should adjust much better our other accounts; but, whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. Horace advises very wisely, and in excellent good words,

— Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces—*

From a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers, that choke the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place, to the same sense,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam†;

which Seneca does not mend, when he says, "Oh! quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium!" But

* 1 Carm. xi. 6. † Ibid. iv. 15.

he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his, named Senecio, who, from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about of money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary riches, but died on a sudden, after having supped merrily, "in ipso actu benè cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortunæ impetu," in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and a stiff gale, and all her sails on; upon which occasion he cries, out of Virgil*,

"Insere nunc, Melibœe, pyros; pone ordine vites!"

——— Go, Melibœus, now,
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;
Behold the fruit!

For this Senecio I have no compassion, because he was taken, as we say, *in ipso facto*, still labouring in the work of avarice; but the poor rich man in St. Luke (whose case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me; for he seems to have been satisfied at last, he confesses he had enough for many years, he bids his soul take its ease; and yet for all that, God says to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; and the things thou hast laid up, who shall they belong to†?" Where shall we find the causes

* Buc. i. 74. † Luke xii. 20.

of this bitter reproach and terrible judgment? We may find, I think, two; and God, perhaps, saw more. First, that he did not intend true rest to his soul, but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury; his design is, to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting; the fullness of his old barns had not sufficed him, he would stay till he was forced to build new ones: and God meted out to him in the same measure; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the man from his riches, and no less frequently riches from the man: what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain? by what bonds can such a couple be kept long together?

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose, thou couldst on fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraff
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In business, that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock, which summer's wealth affords:
In grashoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud),
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near!
Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears!
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud musick sound,
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X.

THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A LETTER TO MR. S. L.

I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a step-mother, has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say, which *but* is "ærugo mera," a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) "cum dignitate otium." This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty. The seeking for a fortune then, is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one, if a man fling two sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them

shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person) to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; "but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add any thing to his estate, but to take something from his desires."

The sum of this is, that, for the uncertain hopes of some conveniencies, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially, when the use of those things, which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied; but the loss of time, never recovered: nay, further yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, "le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," the play is not worth the expence of the candle: after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants;

—— utere velis,
Totos pande sinus—*

* Juv. i. 150.

A gentleman in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a band, and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility. I think, your counsel of "Festina lente" is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate, well-bred gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his enemies; and therefore I prefer Horace's advice before yours,

—— sapere aude,
Incipe—

Begin; the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey. Varro* teaches us that Latin proverb, "portam itineri longissimam esse:" but to return to Horace,

"— Sapere aude:
"Incipe. Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
"Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis: at ille
"Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum†."

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,

* Lib. i. Agric. † 1 Ep. ii. 40.

Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of expedition above all others) was so far from this folly, that whensoever, in a journey, he was to cross any river, he never went one foot out of his way for a bridge, or a ford, or a ferry; but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over: and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to happiness. Stay, till the waters are low; stay, till some boats come by to transport you; stay, till a bridge be built for you; you had even as good stay, till the river be quite past. Persius (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore, I say, I know to be not a good poet) has an odd expression of these procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of fancy:

" Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
" Egerit hos annos."

Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,
And still a new to-morrow does come on;
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your

" Otium cum dignitate," and " Festina lente," and three or four other more of your new Latin sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of Seneca and Plutarch upon this subject, I should overwhelm you; but I leave those, as *Triarii*, for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an epigrammatist, your special good friend; and so, *vale*.

MARTIAL. LIB. V. EPIGR. LIX.

" Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper," &c.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'T is so far fetch'd this morrow, that I fear
'T will be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself 's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL. LIB. II. EPIGR. XC.

" Quinctiliane, vagæ moderator summe juventæ," &c.

WONDER not, Sir (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown),

That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire.
I well content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields,
Her living fountains, and her smiling fields;
And then at home, what pleasure is 't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful, family!
Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

XI.

OF MYSELF.

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But, besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont

to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar; in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
    Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
    Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabin field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace*); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me: they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember, when I began to read, and

* 3 Od. xxix. 41.

to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion)—but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every-where there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers; so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet, I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses, of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion,

that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: a storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any-where; though I was in business of great and honourable trust; though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniencies for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then*; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other

* We have these verses, under the name of *The Wish*, in The Mistress, vol. viii. p. 29.

advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country; which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: but I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself; and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

" Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
" Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling
" bar.
" Content thyself with the small barren praise,
" Which neglected verse does raise."
She spake; and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use;
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star, that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.
No matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise, no less than she does
thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery,
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be,
As all th' inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers, were, from Homer down to Ben.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corps perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, "Take thy ease:" I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine: yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course. "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum:" nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

— "Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
"Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
"Hortique Sylvæque, animâ remanente, relinquam."

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very pretty ejaculation.—Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humour to the last.

MARTIAL. LIB. X. EPIGR. XLVII.

" Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem," &c.

SINCE, dearest friend, 't is your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great or small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call:
Let this estate from parents' care descend;
The getting it too much of life does spend:
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame;
And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business, draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.

Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition 's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last.

MARTIAL. LIB. X. EPIGR. XCVI.

" Sæpe loquar nimiùm gentes," &c.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat;
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.

The ground about the house maintains it, there;
The house maintains the ground about it, here;
Here even hunger 's dear; and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires are to you sold.
There fire 's an element, as cheap and free,
Almost, as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty there shall give me more.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS*.

" HIC, o viator, sub lare parvulo
" Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet;
" Defunctis humani laboris
" Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.

" Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
" Et non inerti nobilis otio,

* See a translation of this Epitaph among the Poems of Mr. Addison.

" Vanóque dilectis popello
" Divitiis animosus hostis.

" Possis ut illum dicere mortuum;
" En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
" Exempta sit curis, viator,
" Terra sit illa levis, precare.

" Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
" Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus
" Herbisque odoratis corona
" Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

A PROPOSITION

FOR

THE ADVANCEMENT

OF

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY*.

* Ingenious men delight in dreams of reformation.—In comparing this *Proposition* of Cowley, with *that* of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that these great poets had amused themselves with some exalted, and, in the main, congenial fancies, on the subject of education: that, of the *two* plans proposed, this of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the *less* fanciful; if a preference, in this respect, can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian: and that our universities, in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all the reasonable ends of such institutions; provided we allow for the unavoidable defects of them, when drawn out into practice. HURD.

A PROPOSITION, &c.

THE COLLEGE.

THAT the philosophical college be situated within one, two, or (at furthest) three miles of London; and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the river, or very near it.

That the revenue of this college amount to four thousand pounds a-year.

That the company received into it be as follows:

1. Twenty philosophers or professors. 2. Sixteen young scholars, servants to the professors. 3. A chaplain. 4. A bailiff for the revenue. 5. A manciple or purveyor for the provisions of the house. 6. Two gardeners. 7. A master-cook. 8. An under-cook. 9. A butler. 10. An under-butler. 11. A surgeon. 12. Two lungs, or chemical servants. 13. A library-keeper, who is like-

wise to be apothecary, druggist, and keeper of instruments, engines, &c. 14. An officer to feed and take care of all beasts, fowl, &c. kept by the college. 15. A groom of the stable. 16. A messenger, to send up and down for all uses of the college. 17. Four old women, to tend the chambers, keep the house clean, and such-like services.

That the annual allowance for this company be as follows: 1. To every professor, and to the chaplain, one hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the sixteen scholars, twenty pounds apiece; ten pounds for their diet, and ten pounds for their entertainment. 3. To the bailiff, thirty pounds, besides allowance for his journeys. 4. To the purveyor, or manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the gardeners, twenty pounds. 6. To the master-cook, twenty pounds. 7. To the under-cook, four pounds. 8. To the butler, ten pounds. 9. To the under-butler, four pounds. 10. To the surgeon, thirty pounds. 11. To the library-keeper, thirty pounds. 12. To each of the lungs, twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the beasts, six pounds. 14. To the groom, five pounds. 15. To the messenger, twelve pounds. 16. To the four necessary women, ten pounds. For the manciple's table, at which all the servants of the house are to eat, except the scholars, one hundred and sixty pounds. For three horses for the service of the college, thirty pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hun-

dred eighty-five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the house and gardens, and operatories, and instruments, and animals, and experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is designed, but that I conceive the industry of the college will in a short time so enrich itself, as to get a far better stock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun: neither is the continuance of particular men's liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all mankind, and chiefly to our nation, by this foundation. Something likewise will arise from leases and other casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the professors, or any other use besides that of the search of nature, and by it the general good of the world; and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the company, it is proposed:

That some person of eminent quality, a lover of solid learning, and no stranger in it, be chosen chancellor or president of the college; and that eight governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joined with him, two of which shall

yearly be appointed visitors of the college, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estate of their publick treasure, under the hands and oaths of the professors resident.

That the choice of professors in any vacancy belong to the chancellor and the governors; but that the professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the nation are most proper for the duties of their society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three persons to them at every election: and that, if any learned person within his majesty's dominions discover, or eminently improve, any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferred, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the governors have power to turn out any professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the society.

That the college be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair quadrangular courts, and three large grounds, inclosed with good walls behind them. That the first court be built with a fair cloister; and the professors' lodgings, or rather little houses, four on each side, at some distance from one another, and with little gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond sea. That the inside of the cloister be

lined with a gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of trees; and that in the middle there be a parterre of flowers and a fountain.

That the second quadrangle, just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts: 1. A chapel. 2. A hall, with two long tables on each side, for the scholars and officers of the house to eat at, and with a pulpit and forms at the end for the publick lectures. 3. A large and pleasant dining-room within the hall, for the professors to eat in, and to hold their assemblies and conferences. 4. A publick school-house. 5. A library. 6. A gallery to walk in, adorned with the pictures or satues of all the inventors of any thing useful to human life; as printing, guns, America, &c. and of late in anatomy, the circulation of the blood, the milky veins, and such-like discoveries in any art; with short elogies under the portraitures: as likewise the figures of all sorts of creatures, and the stuffed skins of as many strange animals as can be gotten. 7. An anatomy-chamber, adorned with skeletons and anatomical pictures, and prepared with all conveniencies for dissection. 8. A chamber for all manner of drugs, and apothecaries' materials. 9. A mathematical chamber, furnished with all sorts of mathematical instruments, being an appendix to the library. 10. Lodgings for the chaplain, surgeon, library-keeper, and purveyor, near the chapel, anatomy-chamber, library, and hall.

That the third court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use, and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the kitchen, butteries, brew-house, bake-house, dairy, lardry, stables, &c. and especially great laboratories for chemical operations, and lodgings for the under-servants.

That behind the second court be placed the garden, containing all sorts of plants that our soil will bear; and at the end a little house of pleasure, a lodge for the gardener, and a grove of trees cut out into walks.

That the second inclosed ground be a garden, destined only to the trial of all manner of experiments concerning plants, as their melioration, acceleration, retardation, conservation, composition, transmutation, coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by art, either for use or curiosity, with a lodge in it for the gardener.

That the third ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all sorts of creatures which the professors shall judge necessary for the more exact search into the nature of animals, and the improvement of their uses to us.

That there be likewise built, in some place of the college where it may serve most for ornament of the whole, a very high tower for observation of celestial bodies, adorned with all sorts of dials, and such-like curiosities; and that there be very deep vaults made under ground, for experiments most

proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the model of Solomon's house in my lord Bacon (which is a project for experiments that can never be experimented), but propose it within such bounds of expence as have often been exceeded by the buildings of private citizens.

OF THE PROFESSORS, SCHOLARS, CHAPLAIN, AND OTHER OFFICERS.

THAT of the twenty professors four be always travelling beyond seas, and sixteen always resident, unless by permission upon extraordinary occasions; and every one so absent, leaving a deputy behind him to supply his duties.

That the four professors itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there to reside three years at least; and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the learning, and especially natural experimental philosophy, of those parts.

That the expence of all dispatches, and all books, simples, animals, stones, metals, minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the college, shall be defrayed out of the

treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l.*) made to them as soon as the college's revenue shall be improved.

That, at their going abroad, they shall take a solemn oath, never to write any thing to the college but what, after very diligent examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an error.

That the sixteen professors resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of natural experimental philosophy, to consist of the mathematicks, mechanicks, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, the history of animals, plants, minerals, elements, &c.; agriculture, architecture, art military, navigation, gardening; the mysteries of all trades, and improvement of them; the facture of all merchandises; all natural magick or divination; and briefly all things contained in the catalogue of natural histories annexed to my lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a-day, from Easter till Michaelmas, and twice a-week, from Michaelmas to Easter, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for auditors from London, according to the time of the year, there shall be a lecture read in the hall, upon such parts of natural experimental philosophy, as the professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the professors, by daily, weekly, or

monthly turns, shall teach the publick schools, according to the rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of lodging, and such-like privileges, which shall belong to seniority in the college); and that all shall be masters and treasurers by annual turns; which two officers, for the time being, shall take place of all the rest, and shall be "arbitri duarum mensarum."

That the master shall command all the officers of the college, appoint assemblies or conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice; and in his absence the treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all monies by the master's order in writing (if it be an extraordinary), after consent of the other professors.

That all the professors shall sup together in the parlour within the hall every night, and shall dine there twice a-week (to wit, Sundays and Thursdays) at two round tables, for the convenience of discourse; which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their studies and professions; and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk, shall be the duty of the two *arbitri mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the servant scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table: that it shall belong likwise to the said *arbitri mensarum* only to invite strangers; which they shall rarely do, unless

they be men of learning or great parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous meetings of acquaintance.

That the professors resident shall allow the college twenty pounds a-year for their diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a-week an assembly, or conference, concerning the affairs of the college, and the progress of their experimental philosophy.

That, if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the assembly, to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That, if any one be author of an invention that may bring-in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the inventor, and the two other to the society; and besides, if the thing be very considerable, his statue or picture, with an elogy under it, shall be placed in the gallery, and made a denison of that corporation of famous men.

That all the professors shall be always assigned to some particular inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their studies), of which they shall give an account to the assembly; so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the arts, as chemistry, anatomy, mechanicks, and the like; and that the college shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a register under lock and

key, and not to be seen but by the professors, of all the experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received errors in experimental philosophy (with which, like weeds in a neglected garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by trial, and taken notice of in the publick lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the foundation) the college shall give an account in print, in proper and ancient Latin, of the fruits of their triennial industry.

That every professor resident shall have his scholar to wait upon him in his chamber and at table; whom he shall be obliged to breed up in natural philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the assembly, from whose election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his education and the just and civil usage of him.

That the scholar shall understand Latin very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the service; and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his lodging shall be with the professor whom he serves.

That no professor shall be a married man, or a

divine, or lawyer in practice; only physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the professors shall, in the college, wear the habit of ordinary masters of art in the universities, or of doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another; and that the assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his brother-professor; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punished by the governors with expulsion.

That the chaplain shall eat at the master's table (paying his twenty pounds a-year as the others do); and that he shall read prayers once a-day at least, a little before supper-time; that he shall preach in the chapel every Sunday morning, and catechise in the afternoon the scholars and the school-boys; that he shall every month administer the holy sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his auditors with the controversies of divinity, but only teach God in his just commandments, and in his wonderful works.

THE SCHOOL.

THAT the school may be built so as to contain about two hundred boys.

That it be divided into four classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven; because we suppose that the children sent hither, to be initiated in things as well as words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latin grammar, and some authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that, if any professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the school, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the governors; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their sons much better proficients in learning here, than boys of the same age commonly are at other schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near concernment without returning some marks of acknowledgment, they may, if they please (for nothing is to be demanded), bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the society, in recompence of their trouble.

And, because it is deplorable to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing, or rather casting away, six or seven

years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a method be here established, for the infusing knowledge and language at the same time into them; and that this may be their apprenticeship in natural philosophy. This, we conceive, may be done, by breeding them up in authors, or pieces of authors, who treat of some parts of nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are, in Latin, Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny, part of Celsus and of Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum, and several scattered pieces, Virgil's Georgicks, Grotius, Nemesianus, Manilius: And, because the truth is, we want good poets (I mean we have but few), who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, natural matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of love, or with the fables of gods and heroes), we conceive that one book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient poets that might serve for the advancement of natural science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant volume. To this we would have added the morals and rhetoricks of Cicero, and the institutions of Quinctilian; and for the comedians, from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties

of the language, are drawn, we conceive, the boys may be made masters of them, as a part of their recreation, and not of their task, if once a month, or at least once in two, they act one of Terence's Comedies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of Plautus's; and this is for many reasons one of the best exercises they can be enjoined, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek authors, they may study Nicander, Oppianus (whom Scaliger does not doubt to prefer above Homer himself, and place next to his adored Virgil), Aristotle's history of animals, and other parts, Theophrastus and Dioscorides of plants, and a collection made out of several both poets and other Grecian writers. For the morals and rhetorick, Aristotle may suffice, or Hermogenes and Longinus be added for the latter. With the history of animals they should be shewed anatomy as a divertisement, and made to know the figures and natures of those creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those errors which are universally admitted concerning many. The same method should be used to make them acquainted with all plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern geography, the understanding of the globes, and the principles of geometry and astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latin and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latin; and in all this travail be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emula-

tion, than driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon festivals and play-times, they should exercise themselves in the fields, by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering, and training, after the manner of soldiers, &c. And, to prevent all dangers and all disorder, there should always be two of the scholars with them, to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; in foul weather, it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon Sundays, and all days of devotion, they are to be a part of the chaplain's province.

That, for all these ends, the college so order it, as that there may be some convenient and pleasant houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young scholars; that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of the parents' expences.

And that the college, when it shall please God, either by their own industry and success, or by the benevolence of patrons, to enrich them so far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall, at their own charges, erect and maintain some house or houses for the entertainment of such poor men's sons, whose good natural parts may promise either use or ornament to

the commonwealth, during the time of their abode at school; and shall take care that it shall be done with the same conveniencies as are enjoyed even by rich men's children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause), there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.

CONCLUSION.

If I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own conceptions (that σοφὴ of the Greeks, which no other language has a proper word for), there was never any project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well-selected persons in such a condition of life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other professions, from that of the highest general even to the lowest artisan? who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove, all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through, all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long; and (as I may say) to set the mark of the col-

lege upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any further trial: secondly, to recover the lost inventions, and, as it were, drowned lands of the ancients: thirdly, to improve all arts which we now have: and lastly, to discover others which we yet have not: and who shall, besides all this (as a benefit by the bye), give the best education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many men's children as shall think fit to make use of the obligation? Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in a state or religion; but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good institutions have done) even of degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this proposition shall encounter with no enemies: the only question is, whether it will find friends enough to carry it on from discourse and design to reality and effect; the necessary expences of the beginning (for it will maintain itself well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible, in order to so vast a work), that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead relicks of human charity and publick generosity which are yet remaining in the world.

THE END.

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